CHINOOK

'09

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We dedicate this Volume to
Joseph E. Monroe
Who has Always Proved
A Friend
A Guide and
An Inspirer
To Our Class

I RIDE, ON THE MOUNTAIN TOPS I RIDE
I HAVE FOUND MY LIFE. I AM SATISFIED

THE CHINOOK

PUBLISHED BY

THE SENIOR CLASS

OF THE

MONTANA STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

DILLON, MONTANA

1909

TRIBUNE PUBLISHING CO.

DILLON, MONTANA

6242

OCT 9 1934

Running Glance at M. S. N. C.

No, of course you can not leave Dillon without seeing the Normal College. Take you through? I shall be delighted. You will have to walk up though, for the street car line has not yet been put up the hill, and all the hacks but one have been loaned to a neighboring town. You won't mind a little inconvenience like that, however. If Dillon has one thing better for a town of its size than any place in the state, it is its cement side walks. We have a good one all the way from town to the college.

Yes, that hill crowned with tall buildings of all styles of architecture harmoniously blended together is the Normal hill. When you weary of the points and curves of the Gothic on the Old Main, look up at the Norman towers and battlements on the new building. After that you may rest your eye by glancing at the long lines and lofty pillars of the dormitories, imposing in their Graeco-Roman simplicity. Those buildings are no small aid to the Departments of Art and History in giving the students a knowledge of the architecture of different countries.

We shall go to the main buildings first, and work our way back. These first rooms on the left are the offices. That man there poring over the handful of papers is President Swain. Whether you see him working or at leisure you always find him ready to help others along with a kind word and a cheering smile. The next room is Professor Clark's class-room. We shall not stop today, for he announced in "General Ex" yesterday that today he was going to arrange his books and apparatus in order. Here is Miss Bettes' class-room, and it is the girls' own room, or rather, they make it theirs, because it is so sunny and cozy with the tables, books, and pictures. Who uses the hammock? Why, no one yet. We have no one of the right size for it, so we keep it hanging there in the hope that some day an element may come along so small that we can test the utility of the hand-work done in the practice school.

When we go down this corridor, we are in the main building. Miss Dunning has this first class-room on the left. It is handy for the girls to sprint in their gymnasium suits down the stairs to

the Gym. The next room is the Hall of Silence. There any severely studious persons can find a quiet spot where lessons may be prepared without fear of interruption. No, that isn't an argument across the hall. That is Mr. Fuller talking on the "Importance of Local History," and he is telling them where to "go to" for the data. Mr. Mosher and Miss Carson own the last two class-rooms on this corridor. That little path? Oh, Miss Carson made that, going over to tell Mr. Mosher that the reason spelling grades are so low, is that he counteracts her teaching by saying, "Abbreviate everything."

Now let us go down stairs to see the Gymnasium. It is not very large, but there was enough room here for the Seniors to give the Juniors a pretty close chase for the basket ball championship. Wait a moment for me, please. I see the door of a shower-room open and my conscience will not let it remain in that condition.

These three rooms across the hall belong to Mr. Monroe. This first is the chemical laboratory, where the Freshmen discover all sorts of exceptions to generally accepted laws. The middle room is the class-room in which every student must at some time make his appearance, and discover what a mere speck his boasted knowledge would make on the landscape of science there unfolded to his view. The third room is the physical laboratory. We shall not be able to look at all of it today, for workmen are putting in a new piece of floor. The Seniors wore that out trying to determine the height of the barometric column.

I have been saving the best part of the building to repay you for climbing these stairs. This is our assembly hall, the finest owned by any college in the state. And here next to it is our new library. The banner on the wall is the basket ball championship banner. The Juniors won this year and every class is proud of the fine way in which they played.

By going through this little hall, one arrives in the old assembly hall. We have so many students now that we have quite outgrown it. This room adjoining is the studio. Everything, as you see, is strewn about in artistic confusion. Yes, we do basketry here, but not at this time of year. The raffia here is left over from that used by the Seniors last winter. There is the room where we grappled with the dead and modern languages.

On the floor above are the music rooms and the rooms for manual training. The noise is all relegated to the top story, so that the people who do wood-carving beat the time for those who practice on the pianos in the adjoining rooms. I don't wonder you take hold of the hand rail when you start to descend this stairway. We are going to have an elevator here as soon as the Legistlaure makes the appropriation for it.

Behind the engine house there is a large space which we use for a skating rink in the winter and for tennis courts in the spring and fall.

Last of all we come to the dormitories. Only the young and giddy girls live in this dormitory next to the engine house. The matron looks after those young people. The Seniors and the most settled of the Juniors live in the farther dormitory. They look after the Dean, and take good care of her too, keeping her safely housed between the first and third stories.

Those are all the buildings of our college, but the dormitories contain the Y. W. C. A. room and the Sorority rooms, as well as a reception room. When you come again there will be some new buildings to show you. At least we hope to be able to point out a new dormitory and a fine, large gymnasium.

THEO SMITH, '09.

The Faculty.

HENRY H. SWAIN, PH. D.

University of Wisconsin, Beloit College, University of Chicago, President, Professor of Economics and Sociology.

Are we not brothers?
So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity;
Whose dust is both alike.

JOSEPH E. MONROE, B. A.

Kansas Normal College, University of Glasgow, New York University, Vice President, Professor of Physics and Chemistry.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him,
That nature might stand up and say to all the world,
This is a man.

ROBERT CLARK, M. A.

Amherst College, **Clark University,** New York University, Professor of Psychology and Biology.

I pray thee, mark me,
Neglecting worldly ends and all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of mind.

LUCY HAMILTON CARSON, M. A.

University of Illinois, Illinois State Normal University, University of Chicago, Professor of English.

So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, most virtuous, discreet, and good.

CHARLES L. ROBBINS, M. A.

Kansas University, University of Chicago, Professor of Methods and Supervisor of Training.

I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverenced estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head.

ADDIE E. BETTES.

Grand Rapids Training School, University of Michigan, University of Chicago, Supervisor of Primary Training.

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream, and make a pastime of each weary task.

GRACE GRAETER.

Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Instructor in Piano, Public School Music, and Pipe Organ.

Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out,
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

LAURA M. KRESS, B. L.

University of Wisconsin, Instructor in History and Language, (Professor of Latin and German after Sept. 1, 1908.)

My library is a dukedom, large enough.

THEODORE SHOUDY.

Adelphi College, Instructor in Manual Arts.

If to do were as easy as to know what to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes palaces.

E. RAY MOSHER. M. A.

University of Minnesota, **Western Reserve University**, Professor of Mathematics.

What he does still betters what is done.

GEORGE N. FULLER, M. A.

University of Michigan, Universities of Marburg and Heidelberg, **Harvard University**. Professor of History.

I'll to my books; for yet ere supper time,
I must perform much business appertaining.

HARRIET A. DUNNING.

Herrick Studio (Chicago), Valley City (N. D.) State Normal School. Instructor in Physical Culture and Expression.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce it, trippingly on the tongue.

MRS. ANNA W. OWSLEY.

Matron.

For to speak so indirectly I am loth,
I would say the truth

MISS BISHOP.

Secretary to the President.

My duties will I boast of, and duty never yet did want her mead

Senior Class Organization.

Officers.

President, - - - - - - - Bessie Storey
Vice President, - - - - - - Bessie Hogeland
Secretary-Treasurer, - - - - - - Edna Ketchum

Class Motto.

"For life and not for school we learn."

Class Colors.

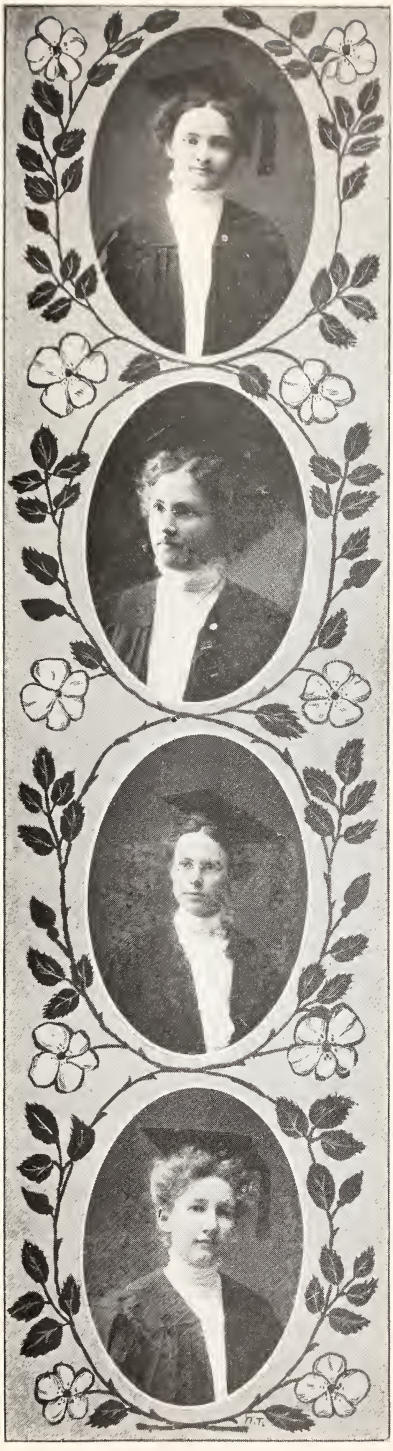
Lilac and White.

Class Flower.

Lilac.

Class Yell.

We'll yell for the Juniors, for they're a sturdy set
We'll yell for the Freshmen, for they're gamesters, you bet,
We'll yell for the Prep's, for some day they'll shine,
But at present we're yelling for the class of '09.



KATHERINE SULLIVAN, Chinook Staff, K. Z. N. She is beautifully consistent, and frank in admitting what is probably quite a common situation: that she hopes and expects to teach a school of one some day. But not seeing any immediate prospects in that direction, she is preparing to teach any kind of school from primary to college.

BESSIE STOREY, Class president, Chinook staff, Monmal staff, President of State Oratorical Association, Senior basket ball, tennis club, and K. Z. N. Behold the Senior amazon. She rides, she shoots, skates, plays tennis, and basket ball, guides the policy of the class, and lastly, not to leave a fibre of her being unused, she talks. It is clear from her varied interests and activities, that she believes in an all around education. Her magnetic presence is irresistible.

ESTHER POWERS, K. Z. N., oratorical association, Director of vaudeville stunts, tennis club, Senior basket ball team. "Sophrony" graduated from the Great Falls High, making Socrates and Pythagoras look like thirty cents in the process. The Normal was a fit place for one of her energetic nature, and she has been managing everything in sight, vaudeville included, ever since.

NELLIE TAYLOR, Tennis club, K. Z. N., design artist on the Chinook staff. "Our quiet girl" passes in and out among us without our being aware of it. Then she is one of the students whose work upholds the honor of the class and college. She is well paid for her diligence by numerous A's.

BESSIE HOGELAND, Chinook and Monmal staffs, oratorical association, and K. Z. N. Her devotion to the task in hand is only equaled by her painstaking punctiliousness, and a penchant for pedantic perfection. She rides like a cowgirl and works like a Trojan.

EDNA KETCHUM, Chinook staff, Monmal staff, oratorical association, tennis club, Senior basket ball, K. Z. N., and a small riding club of two. Her chief distinctions are grace, firmness, untiring industry, painful accuracy in details, and a hunger for the possession of sheep skins. While others slept, this maiden climbed the dizzy heights of knowledge and comes before us with two diplomas. She loves nature, especially Birds, and long horseback rides.

ELEANOR SCHMIDT, T. T. B., K. Z. N., Senior basket ball, tennis club, and oratorical association. This modest young lady is considered rather serious by many, but those who know her well never make such an assertion. Her habit of studying a little at times was acquired at the Helena High.

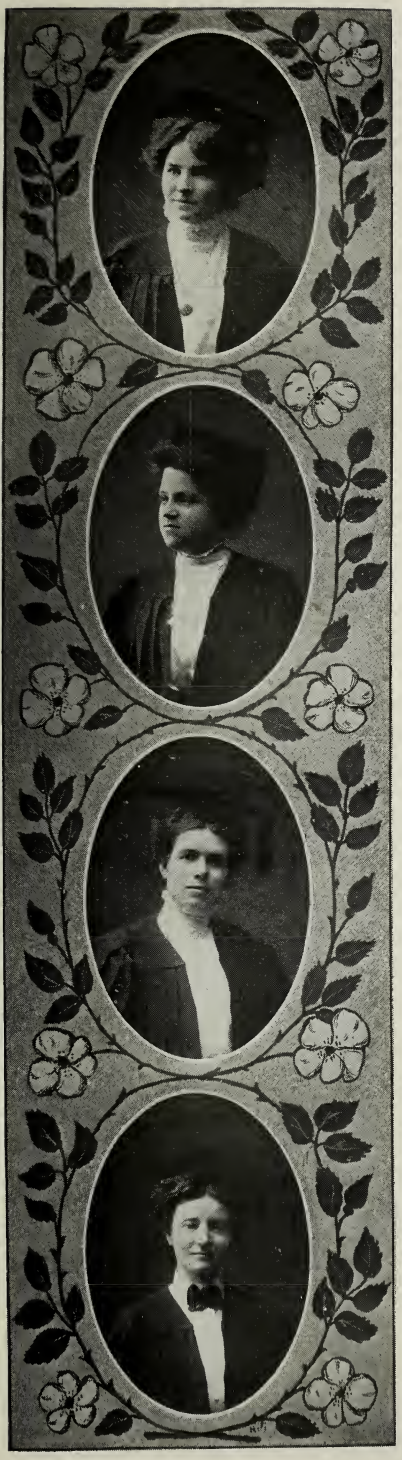
JACOB VOGEL, Editor of Chinook, '09, Monmal staff, tennis club, and oratorical association. Byronesque brow; mouth, speaks for itself, red necktie; manly stride. He rides horseback with? His propensities for building skating rinks are often remarked upon. He is a perfect ozone crank, and never stops short of a forty mile ride when they get started.

NEVADA WALL, K. Z. N. A modest and retiring maid whose capacity for making and enjoying fun, though at first hidden, will bloom and blossom as the rose.

THOMAS CLAPP, Editor of Monmal, collects the sinews of war for the Chinook, and plays tennis, basket ball and base ball. As a member of the oratorical association, he carried off the state honors for our college. In hitching his wagon to a star Thomas has not forgotten the axle grease. Ere many years have passed he will be in reality our typical absent-minded professor, and may he also have his own cozy fire-side.

THEO SMITH, One of the pioneers of the Monmal, K. Z. N., and oratorical association. Theo is one of the few who possess a relentless bent for working things out without outside help. At Helena High she was among the all-star group, and here she shines as a separate light of the first magnitude.

EMMA MORE, K. Z. N., and — Has received at least one vote for being good natured, and deserves a majority because she so cleverly combines the virtues of a "dig" and a good fellow.



AGNES McMENAMEY, K. Z. N. Ireland will never want for defenders while "Mickey" is around. Her chief characteristics are her dudish propensities, and her love for jokes. She may miss the point once in a while, but knows that curiosity is the basis of all knowledge.

KITTIE BRAMBLE, K. Z. N. Her name is great in mouths of wisest censure. Although she has a Madonna-like grace, her life is vowed to single blessedness.

ELIZABETH DAVIES, K. Z. N. "Our youth we can have today, We can always find time to grow old." She pursues the even tenor of her way undisturbed by the world and its ways.

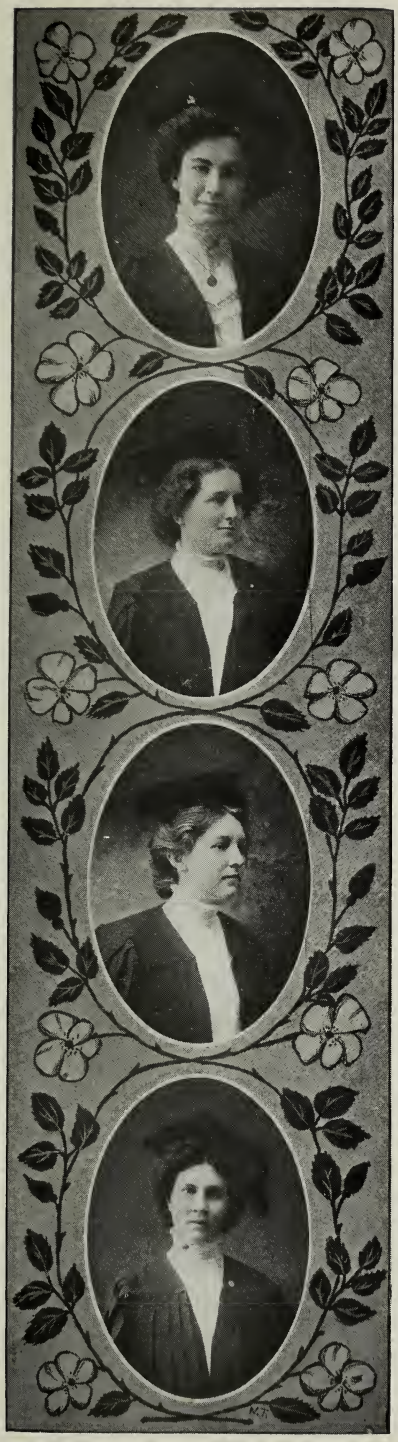
CLARA BOWEN, K. Z. N. From "Northwestern", a stranger, she came among us, yet her very shyness is endearing. She and comparisons are odious. To walk in the footsteps of Froebel is her aim.

HANNAH BRO, K. Z. N., Senior basket ball, and tennis club. "Hanner" is one whose absence makes itself felt, and whose presence is like a burst of sun on a gray day. She is remarkable for perseverance in learning to skate, and for agility in the barn dance.

ANNA HAGEN, Chinook staff, K. Z. N., and star basket shooter on the Senior team. "Happy am I, from care I'm free. Why aren't they all contented like me?" According to her statement she stands in danger of failing in every class, while we have facts to prove that she is a very shark.

MARGUERITE NOETH, K. Z. N., and oratorical association. Professes to be an anarchist. She is a Bohemian Deutscher, who calls herself a most patriotic American. Her greatest worry is her number of "cases." She also has a favorite song, namely, " Won't you waltz Home sweet Home with me?"

LEILA HUNTER, K. Z. N. Distant at first, but a loyal friend when you know her better. She is among those who took their diplomas early and went forth to the white harvest fields to engage in the great task of reclaiming the rising generation from savagery.



ANNA FRENCH. K. Z. N. Anna was born young and has never gotten over it. However, her youth has not prevented her from becoming one of the dignified seniors. She has a most marvelous faculty for sticking to a thing in spite of flunks.

ELIZABETH HAGARTY, K. Z. N. Her scientific tastes were acquired in the Great Falls High, but where she got her appetite no one knows. It is always with her, and at times her misery is so great that (this is a profound secret) her friends carry crackers in their pockets to feed her.

ANNA LARSON, "Casey," Monmal Board, K. Z. N., oratorical association, Senior basket ball, and president of the tennis club. "We understand her by her sight; Her pure and eloquent blood spoke in her cheek, and so distinctly wrought that one might say her body thought." Her religion is a check on the license of other tongues.

MARY McMANUS, K. Z. N., and Senior basket ball. "Of manners gentle, of affection mild, In wit a man, simplicity a child." Her life is bound up in her home, but her sympathies extend further.

GAIL BEUSCHLEIN, Chinook and Monmal staffs, K. Z. N., and tennis club. She came to college one day to satisfy her dream of wearing a cap and gown. That she will realize her ambition and live a long life of health, wealth and happiness, we all know, for twilight always finds her in slumberland.

MAY BUSCH, K. Z. N. "On their own merits, modest women are dumb." Though she receives many remembrances from a "friend," she is steadfast in her determination to cultivate the young idea.

GRACE JOHNSON, K. Z. N., T. T. B., and tennis club. Of such versatility that few fields of action remain unplowed by her. As an actress, brilliant (witness the Dowager); as a cook, unusually skilful; as a lady, perfect; and as a student, the best bluffer in the school; and withal a perfect queen in those social circles in which she moves.

LUCIA JOHNSON, Chinook staff, and K. Z. N. A shining literary light. She always goes to bed early, with a few very remarkable exceptions. She is a great nature lover and likes nothing better than to stand and absorb its beauties.

ALICE RUSSELL, Monmal staff, K. Z. N., and oratorical association. "Miss Carson the second" is the only appropriate name for this dignified lady She has not only absorbed English until she seems to bristle with interrogations points, but she also possesses a very original turn of mind, when it comes to creative work.

EVA LAWRENCE, K. Z. N.—The only one of the Seniors who preferred to live in the old dorm. She has the true missionary spirit necessary to a teacher and it shows in the way she looks after the Elements, among whom she is venerated.

ALICE KILNER, K. Z. N.—The best things are done up in small packages. Although Alice expects to teach, a far-away look in her eyes often suggests that she would prefer housekeeping for two in the Madison valley.

The Evolution of '09.

I. INFANCY.

All things have a beginning. The class of '09 got started one afternoon at four-thirty-five, in room eleven, just across the hall from the President's office. Miss Mott gave the push that started the class rolling. This was a great event for the Baby Preps, and they wanted to make as big a showing as any one else, so they chose a president just as big folks do, and pretty, dainty, baby colors, old rose and gray.

The Babies were too young to know just where they did belong, so when Hallowe'en came they helped the Freshmen stack the Juniors' rooms. The Juniors then coaxed the little people over to their side, and after that had no more trouble with them.

The social instinct cropped out early in these children, so again they imitated the grownups, and had a party in honor of those present. The party was held at the country home of one of their number. They stayed awake until after twelve o'clock, and then bravely marched home through the stubble fields.

In June '06, the faculty put the Preps in charge of excellently trained nurses, their mothers, and in the fall found them quite well-behaved children.

II. CHILDHOOD.

These lively youngsters now needed no help from older people, so they took their new members to the tower, and chose a new president, and bright colors this time, such as children love. Boldly they marched into the dining room that evening yelling their yell like circus advertisers.

When Hallowe'en rolled around again the children were able to play the part of nurse girls. They displayed their colors, Nile green and maroon in the dainty little caps they wore.

Like all children, they could and would get into mischief. When the cat's away the mice will play; so the Juniors being gone one night, these Freshmen got busy and even stole state property from the Juniors. To say the Juniors were angry would be putting it mildly, for it was no fun putting up clean sheets for window curtains. Again the Freshmen got ahead of the Juniors by going to the photographers and trying to break the cameras before the Juniors had a chance. They failed and it cost them one seventy-five apiece.

Early Junior Sunday morning the banner of '08 was floating from the college stack. This was too much for the Freshmen, so one of their acrobats scaled the ladder, secured the banner and descended with the prize. They liked to show off, so they changed

the words of the masterpieces the Juniors had sung on Junior Sunday, descended to the dining room, and there waved the banner before the jealous eyes of the Juniors. The one Junior boy who could not help but admire the bravery of this feat, treated the whole Freshman class.

The Seniors had proudly watched the development of the Freshmen, and had encouraged them along every line; so the Freshmen felt they must show their Seniors how much they appreciated their very kindly interest, so they entertained them at a Japanese tea.

III. YOUTH.

As an adolescent the class of '09 was anything but timid and shy. The number had increased twofold, but it seemed as if their numbers had been increased infinitely. All because two boys had condescended to join their ranks. Organizing was quick and sudden. Their president was a girl who knew just how to run things. The aim of these youths was to be on top always, they succeeded in this by the aid of strong cheese, tanglefoot, a proposed auction, and the changing of bureau drawers.

The youths thot they were being a little too hard on their elders, so they wanted to do something original. On May day they hung pretty little baskets of flowers and candy at each Senior's door.

The only real humiliation the adolescents had to suffer was when taken into Sorority. Here they were taught obedience to their elders. However, they were allowed one more day of grace, Junior Sunday. On this day they showed their musical ability, their dramatic ability, and their eating capacity.

Despite all fights and adversities, they entertained the Seniors and Faculty most royally at a party in the Gym.

IV. SECOND CHILDHOOD.

Dignity, dignity, it was a minus quantity. Who could have seen it better than those who attended the Hallowe'en party? Such frivolity as was indulged in by the brownies was most shocking. The lack of dignity was also shown when the Juniors tried to show the Seniors how to dress up for a Hallowe'en stunt.

Altho the Seniors were in their second childhood, the Juniors were in their babyhood, as was shown by the trick they tried to play on the Seniors. The Seniors tried to make them fit, but didn't succeed in all cases. The people who were now gallant youths presented those who were in their second childhood with a Christmas present.

So far all has been successful for the class of '09, and all they ask is that the remaining days be calm and peaceful.

JUNIORS

Junior Class Organization.

Officers.

President, - - - - - - - - Clara Kermode

Vice President, - - - - - - Jessica Alspaugh

Secretary, - - - - - - - - Joseph Carroll

Treasurer, - - - - - - - Beulah Harrison

Sergeants-at-Arms, - Marguerite Mahony and Hazel Duncan

Class Motto.

"Make a mark; aim at it; hit it!"

Class Colors.

Brown and Gold.

Class Flower.

Red Carnation.

Class Yell.

Trala booma. Trala booma!

Hoo! Gah! Hah!

Juniors. Juniors!

Rah. Rah! Rah!

Marguerite Mahony. Townsend, Montana.

"The worst fault she has is to be in love."

Hazel Duncan. Sheridan, Montana.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

Clara Kermode. Livingston, Montana.

"Science may be learned by rote; wisdom not."

Jessica Alspaugh. Livingston, Montana.

"Let her brow the laurel twine."

Beulah Harrison. Dillon, Montana.

"I have heard of the lady and good words went with her name."

Joseph Carroll. Dillon, Montana.

"He also serves, who only stands and waits."

Edith Nutterville. Butte, Montana.

"Here's to the girl with eyes of blue,
Whose heart is kind, and love is true."

Josie McFadden. Laurin, Montana.

"Oh music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid."

Orpha Oneal. Bannack, Montana.

"Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown."

Selma Bonderson. Havre, Montana.

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Mary Gorman. Havre, Montana.

"She does her best; angels could do no better."

Marie Albrecht. Dillon, Montana.

"Yet I feel that I shall stand henceforward in his shadow."

Pearle Ward. Redrock, Montana.

"A pearl of great price."

Alice Conway. Dillon, Montana.

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

Georgia Cullum. Helena, Montana.

"Home is where the heart is, and that's right here.'

Lucie Nutterville. Butte, Montana.

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."

Marie Lamont. Dillon, Montana.

"O, that I had wings like a dove."

Olga Olson. Helena, Montana.

"Good nature and good sense ever united."

Minnie Templeton. Anaconda, Montana.

"Kind, but not in words alone."

Sadie Reynolds. Dubois, Idaho.

"Like the wind in summer sighing,
Her voice was low and sweet."

Maude Sigler. Anaconda, Montana.

"I seem to tread no classic ground."

Mildred Weenink. Dillon, Montana.

"A stroke of her pen, and she needs no other talisman."

Florence Olson. Columbia Falls, Montana.

"She is young, and of a noble, modest nature."

Myrtle Neihart. Neihart, Montana.

"Put not your trust in Earls." Who?

Myrtle McKillican. Marysville, Montana.

"She was a phantom of delight,
"When first she gleamed upon our sight."

Mettie Slocum. Potomac, Montana.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
Tis only noble to be good."

Etta Brainard. Bozeman, Montana.

"The noblest mind the best contentment has."

Chronicle of Class of '10.

In the ninth month of the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eight, there came to the city of Dillon a goodly company of maidens; yea, even from across the great ocean called the Atlantic they journeyed to this city; for the fame of the learned men and women who instructed the youth in the temple of learning known as the Montana State Normal College, had spread abroad throughout the length and breadth of the land.

These maidens were goodly to look upon, and withal had a great thirst for knowledge. So they hearkened unto the words of a man of exceeding great learning, who instructed them concerning the elements and gold and silver and precious stones; yea, even the ores found in their own land. And this man was called Joseph, son of Monroe.

And the maidens went out into the fields, and gathered up all the creeping things of the earth, and brought them unto a man of small stature, but exceeding great mind; and he taught them concerning them.

Then they went into the abode of a woman, and she received them not unkindly; but cold words proceeded from out her mouth, and they quaked before her, and they applied themselves diligently to their books; and the maidens grew rich in the knowledge of the words and signs of their language, and their reward was great; for the woman turned the light of her countenance upon them, and they were glad. And the woman was called Lucy, daughter of the son of Car.

Then the maidens desired to learn of the deeds of their forefathers; so they sat at the feet of a man of many words, who came from a temple of great learning in the far east.

Then Ezekiah, whose surname is Mosher, took them out upon the plains with a wondrous strange instrument; and they marvelled at the mysteries he unfolded to their eyes.

At the seventh hour of the day there came to them a fair woman; and she spake unto them and said, "'Graeter joy hath no man than this, that he sing praises unto his fellow-men;" and she instructed them in the winding ways of song.

And it came to pass, in the ninth month of the year, there came unto them a man and woman, and they said, "Go thou into the smaller temple of learning, and open thine eyes and ears and see and hear."

On the third and fifth days of the week, the maidens congregated in the upper room of the temple, and listened to the words of wisdom of the ruler of the temple, yea, even unto him who had journeyed afar into the distant lands of kings and queens.

And the maidens feasted and rejoiced, and were exceeding glad, and were a vexation to the spirit of those who had abided there longer than they; yea, even unto the band known as the Seniors, who were exceeding mighty in their own eyes. But woe unto the tribe of Juniors, for evil days were at hand; for there descended upon them a woman, and she weighed them in the balances, and found them wanting. She made them to appear before her in robes like unto men. She ruled them with a rod of iron, and they followed her movements with great exactness. Then she called them to her in an upper room, and spake unto them concerning their voices, and strange sounds came from her mouth. And she taught them how to stand before a multitude of people, and to speak unto them great words of wisdom.

Then the aforenamed Ezekiah, son of Mosher, appeared before them with a great ball; and he told them many strange things concerning the use of it.

These burdens pressed grievously upon the tribe of Juniors. But their lips were uncomplaining, and applying themselves diligently to their work, they waxed strong and overcame all other tribes of the temple.

Evolution of the Juniors.

Marie Albrecht.

Bud—Inquire at Oxford, Nebraska.
Blossom—A star basket ball player.
Fruit—Ever with Everett.

Jessica Alspaugh.

Bud—An eastern belle.
Blossom—Seen, but not heard.
Fruit—Maybe she'll teach—but we doubt it!

Etta Brainard.

Bud—Studiously inclined.
Blossom—A sweet Junior.
Fruit—Billy's teacher.

Ethel Dauterman.

Bud—Attending Normal.
Blossom—Preparing for graduation.
Fruit—A graduate.

Georgia Cullum.

Bud—Growing big?
Blossom—Growing bigger??
Fruit—A tall lady???

Alice Conway.

Bud—Lost from B. C. H. S.
Blossom—Strayed to Normal.
Fruit—Stolen by?

Hazel Duncan.

Bud—Refuses to tell.
Blossom—Hazel proposes (to teach)
Fruit—but Ed disposes.

Selma Bonderson.

Bud—Wanting to teach school.
Blossom—Preparing to teach.
Fruit—Teaching one (Lawrence).

Mary Gorman.

Bud—Winning a scholarship.
Blossom—Taking elocution.
Fruit—Lecturing on Woman Suffrage.

Beulah Harrison.

Bud—Fond of money.
Blossom—Treasurer of Junior class in college.
Fruit—Wife of Secretary of Treasury.

Clara Kermode.

Bud—Thinking of sciences.
Blossom—Taking sciences.
Fruit—Practicing domestic science.

Marie Lamont.

Bud—Training for basket ball.
Blossom—Playing basket ball.
Fruit—Teaching etiquette of basket ball.

Olga Olson.

Bud—Popular girl in East Helena.
Blossom—A roving disposition at college.
Fruit—Being Guyded by a strong hand.

Florence Olson.

Bud—Arrived from Sweden.
Blossom—Entertaining Leal.
Fruit—Teaching (?)

Joseph Carroll.

Bud—Constant at M. S. N. C.
Blossom—A variable at M S N C
Fruit—Variable still approaching the limit (graduating day)

Marguerite Mahony

Bud—Society belle in Townsend
Blossom—Wanted to get into society but was Locked out in college
Fruit—Mistress at Johnson

Josie Mcfadden

Bud—In love with a brown-eyed sister
Blossom—Running to classes
Fruit—Actress? Nun??

Myrtle McKillican

Bud—Worried.
Blossom—Worrying.
Fruit—Gray hair.

Myrtle Neihart.

Bud—Kelly.
Blossom—Bayerd.
Fruit—Wanted a Chap'er'own.

Lucie Nutterville.

Bud—Studying at B. H. S.
Blossom—Waiting on Margaret.
Fruit—Mistress at Johnson.

Edith Nutterville.

Bud—Indulging in athletics
Blossom—Taking physical culture
Fruit—Teaching in Butte

Jennie Noble

Bud—Taking grammar in public school
Blossom—Imbibing English
Fruit—Teaching English

Orpha Oneal

Bud—Bannack postmistress.
Blossom—Contradicting X Ray.
Fruit—Lecturer on Characteristic Quintic Curves with Zero deficiency.

Minnie Temptelon.

Bud—Taking Normal course in High School.
Blossom—Following in sister's footsteps at M. S. N. C.
Fruit—Still following in sister's footsteps, County Supertendent.

Mettie Slocum.

Bud—Making lots of noise.
Blossom—A game Junior.
Fruit—Contributor to Poet's Corner in Scribner's Magazine.

Gladys Winters.

Bud—Teaching in Sunday School.
Blossom—Squelching loungers in the library.
Fruit—Teaching in the Philippines.

Sadie Reynolds.

Bud—Studied.
Blossom—Studying.
Fruit—Making others study.

Maude Sigler.

Bud—Mystic past on Southern plantation.
Blossom—Man-hater, special aversion to dentists and H. S. professors.
Fruit—Behind the foot-lights

Mildred Weenink.

Bud—Taking drawing at B. C. H. S.
Blossom—Designing for Monmal.
Fruit—Art instructor at M. S. N. C.

Pearle Ward.

Bud—Loved a May Flower.
Blossom—Loving Brady.
Fruit—Lost Brady—Looking for another.

Junior Song.

Junior class of Normal College,
Class of nineteen ten,
Here absorbing pounds of knowledge,
Slave we make the pen.
We abuse the ink quite freely,
But our lessons learn.
Yet at times amid our working
Homeward our thoughts turn.
Homeward our thoughts turn.

Yes, at first they all laughed at us,
We were only Preps;
Then as Freshmen breaking test tubes,
We were gaining ground by steps.
Here's enough of all our troubles,
Red ink, flunking too.
Oh, but these will pass as bubbles
When at last we're through,
'Neath new skies of blue.
Yes, when at last we're through.

We're not telling resolutions,
Nor planning our pow-wow,
Nor mathematical solutions
Are we framing now.
But we're singing for the Juniors,
Class of nineteen ten.
For Montana Normal College
We will sing again.
Yes, we will sing again.

Junior Juvenilities.

We bid farewell to the Seniors fine,
The dignified Seniors of nineteen nine.
And modest and prim we'll follow them;
For we'll be the Seniors of nineteen ten.
A class of good looking girls are we,
With only one boy, and we call him Sissy;
But Joe Caroll's a boy that is not afraid
To stand by his class in an escapade.
Then Selma, dignified, graceful, and shy,

Has such a bewitching look in her eye.
And Myrtle, possessed of a musical charm,
But a boy in the distance would cause her alarm.
Marie Lamont with her dark hair and eyes
Will certainly be for some one a prize.
Then Etta Brainard, wise looking and flowery of speech,
Will make quite a **Hit** when she starts to teach.
Now Gladys Winters, unlike her cold name
Throws warmth and sunlight by her charitable flame.
And Pearl Ward we are sure a race could not win,
But there are few girls like her with a dimpled chin.
Mildred Weenink can argue a fact 'till your silly,
And draw! Believe me, she can even draw Leroy Willey.
Beulah Harrison so studious has become quite renowned,
And made those less studious fall in the back ground.
Alice Conway we cannot imagine a stern teacher
More proper we see her the wife of a preacher.
Mettie Slocum! No wonder she cannot walk fast,
Her name is "slow come" and that makes her last.
Now Mary Gorman in spite of her red hair
Is timid and bashful and shy, I declare!
Minnie Templeton in oratorical work we see
Has a chance to improve. Oh, yes, goodness me!
Marguerite Mahoney, so winsome and funny,
Has heard a voice saying, "Take my name for my honey."
And Maude Sigler, a girl always playing a trick.
Be careful, Joe, for Maude suggests whoa! kick!
Jessie Alspaugh, unlike the prophet of old,
Complains not, "I'm slow of speech," but talks a man cold.
Clara Kermode is next in the line,
Our dignified president of Juniors '09.
Edith Nutterville with face always bright,
For **Edith** suggests happiness, joy, and delight.
Olga Olson is jolly and sometimes quite funny,
And to see her play basket ball is surely worth money.
Hazel Duncan at the sound of music will dance,
And goes with Ed. Sullivan at every chance.
Orpha Oneal, in mathematics the best.
Needs no midnight study before a month's test.
Lucie Nutterville so cool, unrattled, and steady,
Industrious in "study hours," but for fun ever ready.
Georgia Cullum, we call her the Junior class baby,
But with fiddle and Henry she feels quite a lady.
You now have a sketch of the Juniors '09;
But when we are Seniors, then we will shine.

Sophomore Class Organization.

Class Flower.

Lilies of the Valley.

Class Colors.

Yale blue and White.

Class Motto.

Ad astra per aspera.

Class Yell.

One, two, three, four,
Sophomore!
Five, six, seven,
Nineteen eleven!

Class Roster.

President, - - - - - - - - Jessie Poindexter
Vice President, - - - - - - - Albert Swain
Secretary, - - - - - - - - - Anna Johnson
Treasurer, - - - - - - Genevieve Albertson
Sergeant-at-Arms, - - - - - Harriet Ellinghouse

Class History.

"Of members staunch, you little class
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," they said,
"Look down this page and see."

In the fall of 1908, five adventurous spirits left the well-beaten highway of the three year course, to tread the narrow and difficult bypath frequented by those who study the classics.

Of our five, one was a boy and four were girls. Our only boy was a bright young Swain of Dillon, who was strictly up-to-date; Anna, the quiet and demure Puritan maiden hailed from Clancy, while our tall and stately Harriet left her happy home at Sheridan to join our ranks and liven our little company with her wit and merry humor. Bright Genevieve, our most practical member, came to keep us straight but how she has succeeded —— we'll leave to others. Then Jessie, one of the best, and a crack player of basket ball, was the last of our five.

Happily, we journeyed along together, often finding the road rough and long but ever striving to brighten the way with cheery words and smiles. Sometimes when our ways lay close together, we mingled our merriment with that of the mighty Juniors.

After the Christmas vacation, another small and graceful young Dillonite who had been traveling in the south, came back to swell numbers; then lastly, our Priscilla, brightest of the bright, took a short-cut from the highway and joined the little group of climbers.

"We are seven."

Quotations.

Genevieve Albertson.

"Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of time."

Harriet Ellinghouse.

"Silence is the prefectest herald of joy."

Anna Johnson.

"So buxom, blithe and full of face,
As heaven had but lent her all his grace."

Hortense Paul.

"She is young, and of a noble, modest nature."

Jessie Poindexter.

"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."

Priscilla Renwick.

"For thou shalt find, she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her."

Albert Swain.

"I had rather have a fool to make me merry,
Than experience to make me sad."

Opinions of the Sophomores.

The Faculty.

We'll remember, we'll remember
Our learned faculty,
Who always marked our zeros down
With great agility.
They never did neglect to say
Our work was very slight
Although they knew we had to cram
From morn till late at night.

The Seniors.

We'll remember, we'll remember
The Seniors of '09,
For they talked about themselves
Or their doings all the time.
And never for the Juniors
A good word would they speak,
But racked their brains on Sunday
To find slams for all the week.

The Juniors.

We'll remember, we'll remember,
The class of 1910,
For their courses were so heavy
That they nearly killed them then.
The ubiquitous little Freshies,
They ignored, to make them sore,
And often would the Seniors run
To find them at their door.

The Freshmen.

We'll remember, we'll remember
The Freshmen at the dorm
Who played tricks on the Juniors,
Rising early in the morn.
They tried to be original
But soon their brains gave out,
And they were left upon the shelf,
To whimper and to pout.

The Preps.

We'll remember, we'll remember
The Preparatory bunch,
Who set to work with order
To pay back the Freshie's hunch.
They try to do the best they can
And meet one with a smile;
They're certainly the gamest set
We've seen for quite awhile.

The Sophomores.

We'll remember, we'll remember
Our little set of seven,
Who hope to graduate together
In the year of 1911.
Our languages we pondered o'er,
Our teachers smiled to see
The efforts of the little class
Struggling for their B. Pd.

1911
FRESHMEN

Freshman Class Organization.

Class Motto.

"To strive, to seek, to find,
and not to yield."

Class Yell.

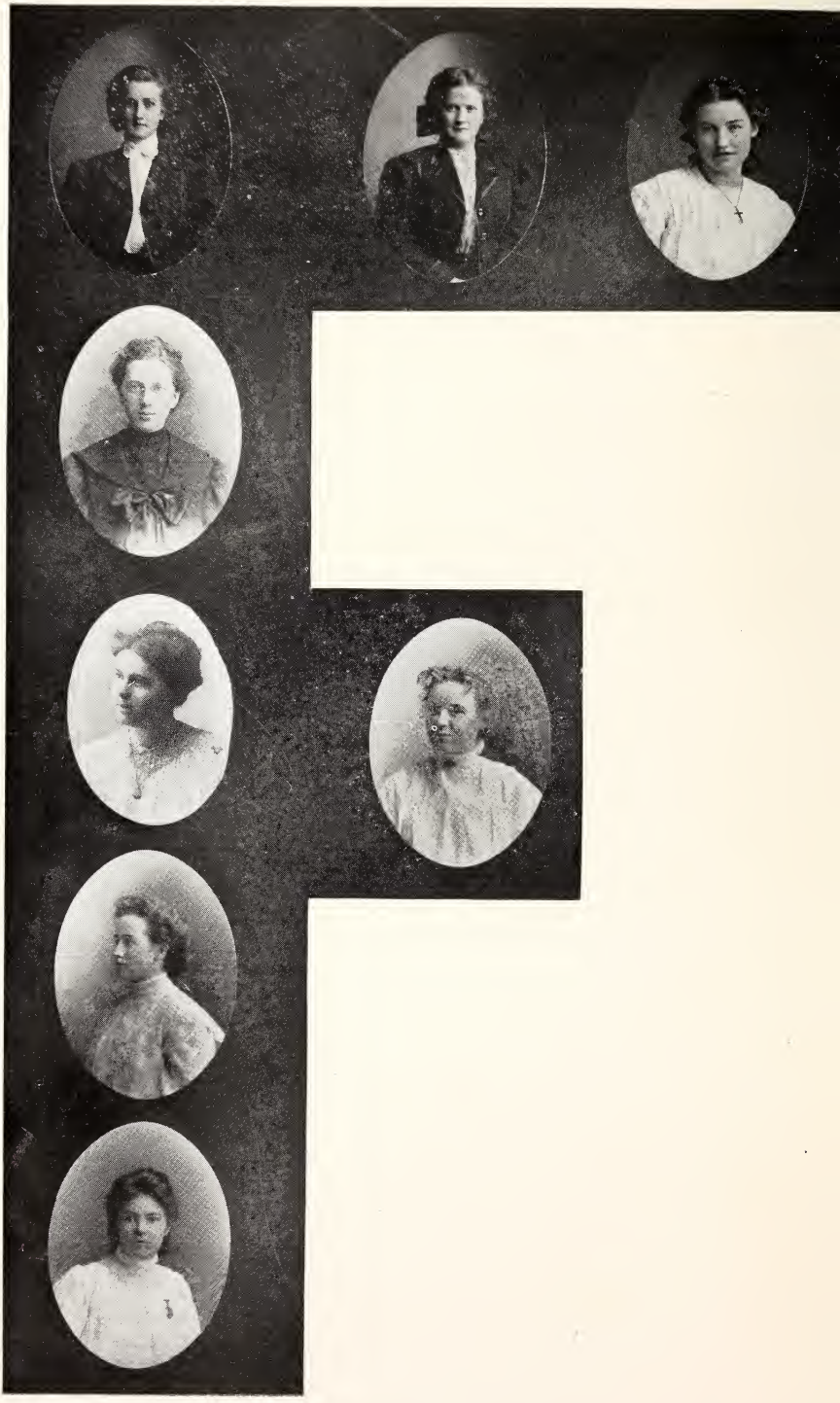
The classiest class
Is the Freshmen class!
Our colors are brown and blue!
We're the gamest class,
And we'll root till the last!
For our colors mean "steady and true."

Class Colors.

Brown and Blue.

Class Flower.

Forget-me-not.



As Others See the Freshmen.

"I clatter, clatter, clatter as I go."
ALBERTA ANDRUS.

"I've been feasting in the clover,
Till I'm just a bubblin' over."
EDITH BRACKETT.

"And bonnie to see are her cherry lips
And ripple o' golden hair."
BILLEE BRACKETT.

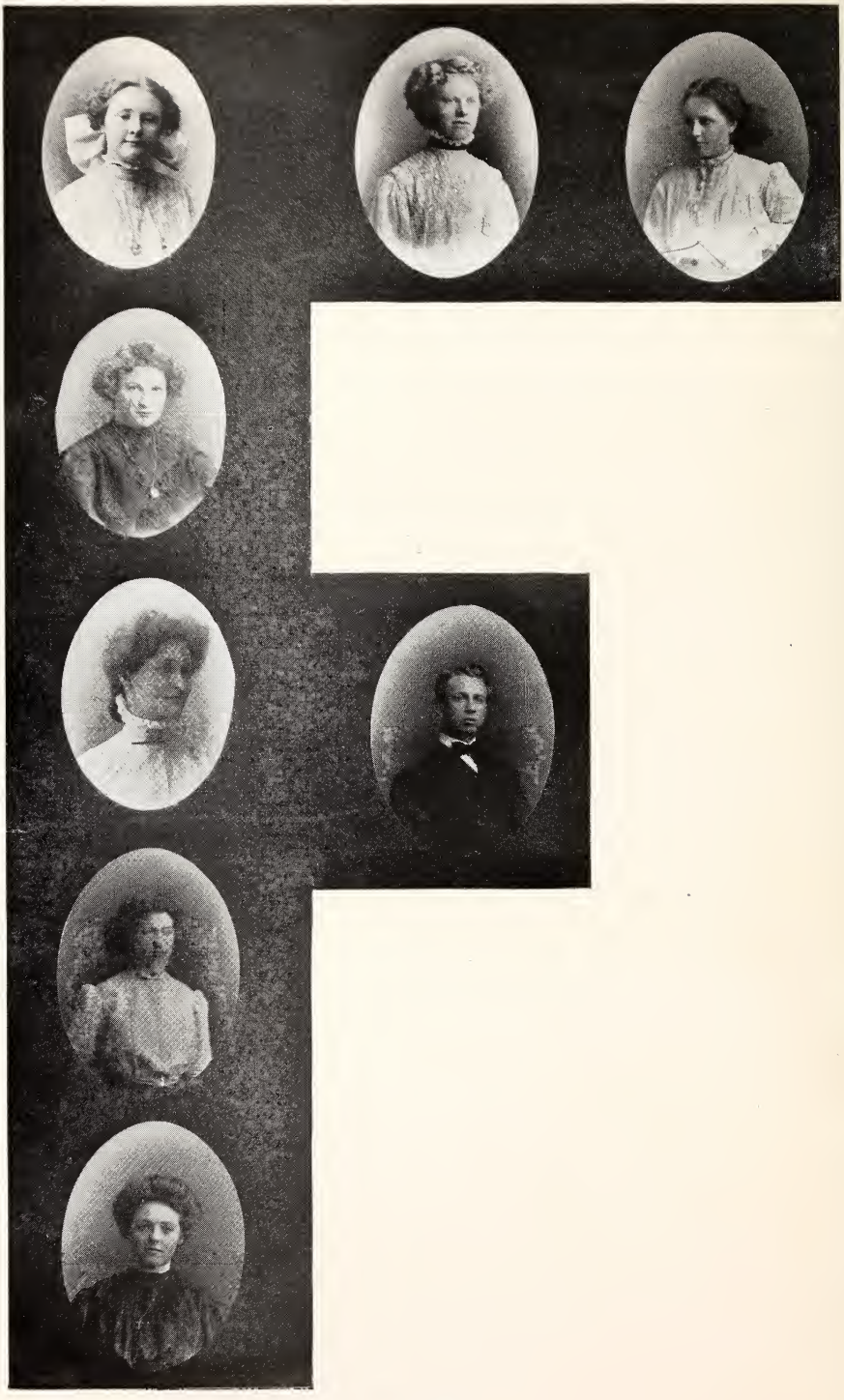
"All things come round to him who will but wait."
MARIE DEVINE.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"
ELLA FALLIGAN.

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!"
MARGARET HARRINGTON.

"Peace shall come to thine lone heart."
ADA HURD.

"Is there a way to forget to think"
EDNA JONES.



"If I could but get him."

KATE LYDEN.

"With a plink, plank, clinkety clang,
Pluckety, plucktey, bang!"

ALICE LAWRENCE.

"O pray thee put into yonder port,
For fear of a hurricane."

ANNWILLIS LYNCH.

"O heaven! that I were a man!"

BEULAH MANNING.

"Let all things be done decently and in order."

JOSEPHINE LILLY.

"Give me rest! Give me rest!"

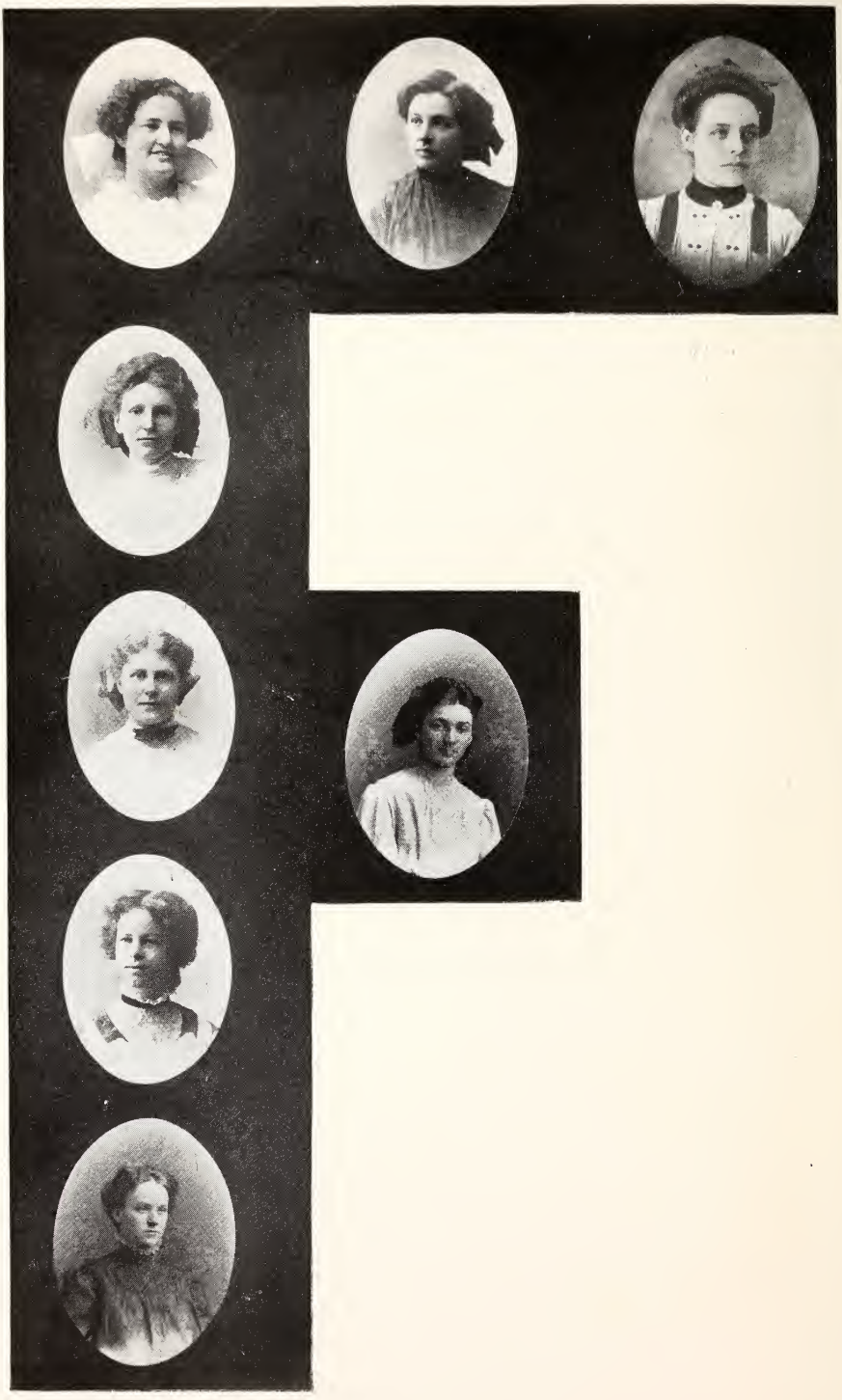
LELA MAXWELL.

"I ne'er beheld a chap so bruised and beaten up before."

LOCHE MAURER.

"Little I know from other men,
Too little they know from me."

LOUISE MCCARTHY.



"I was mighty good lookin' when I was young."
BERTHA OARD.

"Up! up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double."
NELLIE PENDERGAST.

"So grand,
Still, haughty, proud, of old disdainful mien."
GERTRUDE REARDON.

"And everything is all right, and I know it."
NANCY RENWICK.

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude."
MABEL SMITH.

"And on her cheek is ready with a blush
Modest as morning."
GERTRUDE SLOCUM.

"Who makes friends of all, keeps none."
FRANCES STEBBINS.

"The sweetest grapes hang highest."
LEONTINE TURCO.

Freshmen Song.

(Tune, "Someone.")

Now we're happy and contented,
Here at this old Normal Hall.
To strive, to seek, find, and not yield,
Will be all the Freshmen's call.
And though our work is now extended
And we work from morn till night,
It's kind of nice to know we're Freshmen
Doing our best with all our might.

REFRAIN.

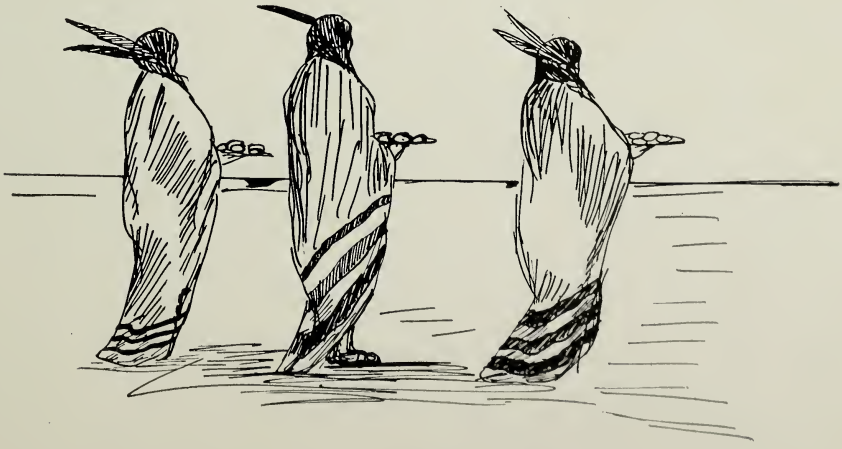
Freshmen are always ready;
They always come on time;
Eager to help our Seniors,
For they're the class of '09.
And when we're Seniors, also,
We will look back with pride
To the old class days
Of the Freshmen,
Freshmen.

When we've left this dear old Normal,
And entered into life's rough way;
We'll always have the glad remembrance
Of the college far away;
But while we're here we'll be remembered
As the Freshmen of '09,
Who strove to live up to their motto.
Not to yield, but seek and find.

REFRAIN.

The History of the Class '11.

One bright day a band of Freshmen in their bark canoes, sailed down the big Beaverhead River, headed for the Normal reservation. They came to wage war on the tribes of Jun ors and Preps. They found the encampment strongly guarded, because the tribe of Juniors had seen the band of Freshmen coming; and so there was nothing to do for the stalwart band but wait and watch and try to take the enemy by surprise. Two runners were set on guard one evening while the tribe of Juniors were visiting back and forth between the wigwams. They gave the signal and stealthily stole the tribe of Juniors' "travois" and bore them triumphantly to the secret encampment of the Freshman tribe. Late the same night, while the tribe of the Juniors slumbered peacefully in their wigwams, the picked men of the Freshmen tribe carried their spoil into the midst of the Juniors' camp, and



there hid their prizes securely. The next day the crafty Juniors, by stratagem, and pretended ignorance of the catastrophe which had befallen their tribe, sought to find out the whereabouts of their prized possessions, for they were about to set forth with one accord, on a journey to do honor to the anniversary of the birth of the Great Spirit of their tribe. Little did they think that the treasure which they so desired was hidden in their very midst.

The Elementary tribe then waged war upon the hardy tribe of Freshmen. One morning in the cold gray dawn, they were successful in looting the settlement of the Freshmen, and secured their head adornments. On the same day, while the Elementary tribe were eating their noon-day meal, and the sun was shining directly overhead, there suddenly appeared five stalwart Freshman braves, bearing pieces of bark loaded with golden-yellow

fruit. The braves silently handed each of the Elements a lemon, and as silently stalked away.

The following day the head adornments of the Freshmen tribe were offered for ransom by the Elementary tribe. The proud tribe of Freshmen scorned to stoop to bargain for their property; but in the evening of the same day, they made a raid on the headquarters of the Elementary tribe, and while some of the trusty braves engaged in a hand to hand conflict with the enemy, the others bore off in triumph their treasured head dresses. Thus by strenuous efforts and strategic movements, did the brave Freshmen wave the banner of triumph in the face of the vanquished.

Previous to this outbreak of warfare with the petty band the Freshmen, in accordance with the law of their tribe, made known

unto the Juniors that their "travois" were hidden in the midst of their settlement. The Juniors rejoiced to recover their possessions, before beginning their journey, to celebrate the birth of their Great Spirit, and all was once more at peace between the tribes.

Then Big Chief "Smile that won't come off" called a medicine powwow between the two great tribes, and the pipe passed among the warriors, for this was the time of the moon of peace. The big chief of the Junior tribe rose and made a medicine talk, saying thus:

BIG CHIEF
SMILE-THAT-WONT
COME-OFF

"We will bury the hatchet until the moon of snows. We will bury the hatchet, but we will leave the handle sticking up. When we return from our visit, when we come back from the land of our fathers, there will again be war between us, and we dig up the hatchet, Ugh." Then Big chief, "Smile that won't come off" rose and spoke thus:

"We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your patience,
By the insult of our presence
By the outrage of our actions.
We have found you great and noble.
Faint not in the greater struggle,
But as noble foeman meet us.

NAME.	FAVORITE STUNT.	PRESENT AMBITION.	FUTURE ATTAINMENT.
ALBERTA ANDRUS.	Painting ? faces.	Study art abroad.	Drawing teacher at M. S. N. C
EDITH BRACKETT.	Daring gynmastics.	A physical culturist teacher	Leading a quiet domestic life.
BILLEE BRACKETT	Translating Latin.	A literary light.	Editing the Ladies' Home Journal.
MARIE DEVINE.	Going to church.	To be "Devine."	Taking the veil.
ELLA FALLIGAN.	Working for A's.	To get A's.	Getting A's.
MARGARETHARRINGTON	Springing jokes.—	Get more jokes.	A funny joker.
ADA HURD.	Giving T. L's.	To be a teacher.	Wife of college professor.
EDNA JONES.	Making eyes.	Attending social functions.	A society leader.
ALICE LAWRENCE.	Reading.	To become an elocutionist.	A woman lawyer.
JOSEPHINE LILLY.	Visiting Lucie.	To be with Lucie.	Roaming with Lucie.
KATE LYDEN.	Entertaining.	To be a social leader.	A Butte club woman.
ANWILLIS LYNCH.	Looking up History references	To spout History.	A History Prof.
LELA MAXWELL.	Imitating Wagner.	To play in the gym.	A rival of Wagner.
BEULAH MANNING	Going with Albert.	A wife of a prexie's son.	A certificate to teach.
LOCHE MAURER	Helping the Freshmen.	To be a loyal Freshman.	A Freshman at Harvard.
LOUISE McCARTHY.	Cramming for teachers' exams	To get a certificate.	Teaching school at Canton.
BERTHA OARD.	Working Algebra III.	To get Algebra III.	Teacher of mathematics in High School.
HELEN PENDERGAST.	Playing center.	To make good baskets.	A star basket ball player.

GERTRUDE REARDON.	Making peace.	A loyal Freshman.	Matron of the Dorm.
NANCY RENWICK.	Practicing basket ball.	To see the Freshmen win.	Best guard on the team.
GERTRUDE SLOCUM.	Getting there.	To fight the Juniors.	Showing the Juniors.
MABEL SMITH.	Getting Geometry.	To get Geometry.	Passing the geometry finals.
FRANCES STEBBINS.	Wearing costumes.	To be in a costume.	On the stage.
LEONTINE TURCO.	Visiting Mrs. Stratton.	To be with Mrs. Stratton.	Teaching one.

PREPARATORY

NAME.	FAVORITE SAYINGS.	AMBITION.
MAUD WALSH.	"Oh, hen!"	Voice culture.
BESSIE DISSETT.	"Oh, dear!"	To please Miss Carson.
MAY DAVENPORT.	"Gee!"	To teach school.
MAE CAPPS.	"Do you know the Anaconda boys?"	To be near the (P) park.
ANNE BREEN.	"Oh, yes, didn't you know that?"	Always to know things.
MAUD FORD.	"In my merry Oldsmobile."	Unknown.
RUTH GRIFFIN.	"For goodness sakes!"	To be a missionary
DOROTHY ROBERTS.	"Oh, you lemon!"	To be a (B) baker.
ALICE OLSON.	"One girl at the time is enough for" --	To have a bad case of toothache.
GRACE CLEVELAND.	"Well, what do you know about that?"	Just always to be Fuzzy.
CHARLOTTE LASWELL.	"Do you think so?"	To hear martins sing.
ELLA PETERSON.	"Oh, the great horn-spoon!"	To grow heavenward.
DOLORES. COMMEAU.	"Well, isn't that the limit?"	To take things as they come.
EMLA LABREE.	"You will marry rich and," --	To be a fortune teller.
LENA TINTINGER.	"I'll take you down and sit on you."	Uncertain.
MAY PRICE.	"You know my brother, Dick? well,"	To learn how to play basket ball.
SYLVIA BREWER.	"He, he!"	To have something to say.
LOUISE JOHNSON.	"Gee Whilliker!"	To own a key to Loche's heart.
DOROTHY COUCH.	"Oh, forget it!"	To flirt.
MABEL CALDWELL.	"Oh, great guns!"	What do **you** think about it?

Prep. Class Song.

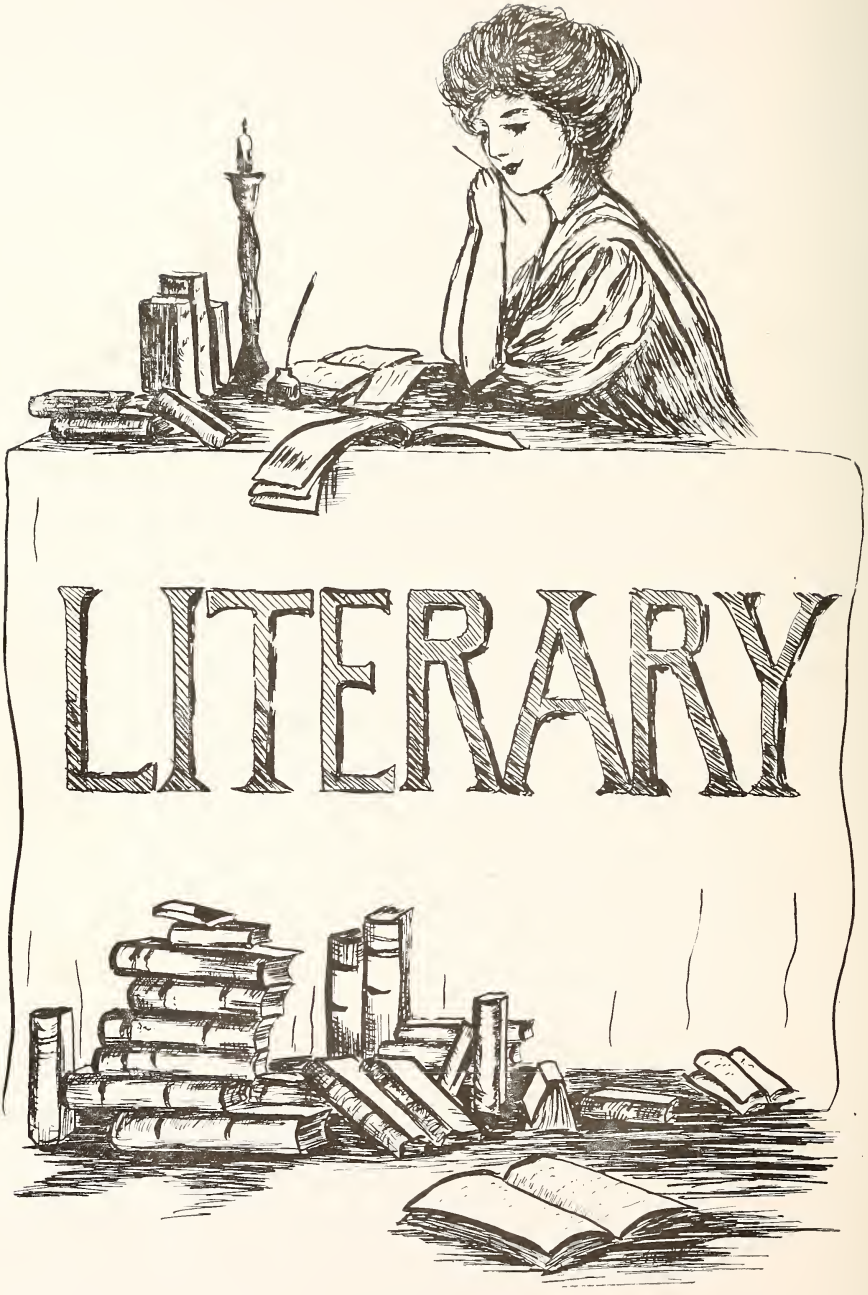
In the fall of nineteen eight,
When we Preps to Normal came,
Although at first we seemed so very lonely,
You know we Preps are always game;
And when the little troubles gathered
'Round the class of nineteen ten,
Twas mighty nice to know the Prep class
Was Johnny on the spot right then.

CHORUS.

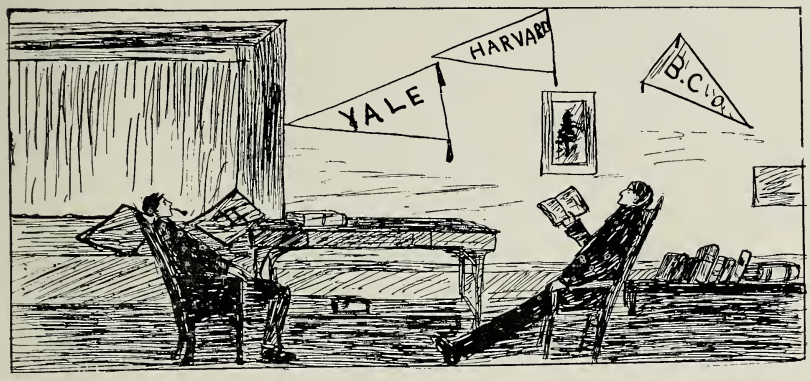
Someone to help the Juniors,
Sometime when things go wrong,
Someone to scare the Freshmen,
Till they don't know where they belong.
Someone to keep things humming,
Till the Freshmen serve lemon sass,
Someone to do things,
Someone to say things,
The Prep Class.

When we Preps at classes gather,
We always have our work just so,
Until we've got the name of smart bunch,
In the faculty's hearts we know;
"Oh," they say, "they're only Preps,"
By jove, we will be Seniors yet,
And if they say "Well, how'd you get there?
We'll answer, "We're a jolly bunch you bet."

CHORUS.


LITERARY

A College Detective.



"Here's a dandy spot, boys. Isn't this great after a long hot, tramp?" and Bob Brethwaite threw himself down on the cool, mossy bank of the little, gurgling stream. The boys were too busy taking off their hats and coats and finding a comfortable place to lie down to answer; but the expression of delight on their faces showed approval. It was one of those cool, shady places by the side of a little stream where the balmy odor of the overhanging willows seems to fill the whole atmosphere. Behind the willows rose tall, full leaved cottonwoods, casting soft shadows over the murmuring waters. The birds twittered among the boughs and the sunbeams noiselessly played hide and seek among the leaves that cast a chequered shade on all below.

For a short time the four boys lay stretched out, drowsily gazing at the white pebbles as the little brook tinkled on its way.

"Why do you suppose Collins wouldn't come along? He always liked to hunt or go on a tramp better than any of us. Did he give any excuse, Phil?" asked Dave Peters, as he sat upright.

"No," answered Phil, "he didn't. He just said he didn't care to, and anyway he had some work to make up."

"Huh! work to make up! What on earth is the matter with him? Doesn't he know we know him better than that? The idea of Jack Collins staying at home to make up work and missing a tramp in the woods! It's simply ridiculous," and Bob slapped his knee and sat up as if it were a good joke.

"Say, fellows," called George Gibbons from the other side of the creek, "I think we'd better be moving on. Looks as if a squall was coming up. There's a terrible black cloud moving up from the northwest."

"All right, we'll be there in a jiffy,' answered Phil.

In a moment more they had jumped the creek, joined George, and started off at a steady pace toward home.

"Here comes a wagon, boys. Let's hail a ride," cried Dave, as an empty hayrack rumbled down the road.

George vaulted the fence and hailed the driver, who seemed a jolly sort of man about the age of the college boys. He was quite talkative, also, and the three miles were soon over.

"Sorry I can't haul you the rest of the way," remarked the driver, as he let the boys out at the crossroads, "but my team's 'most tuckered out."

"O, that is all right. We're used to walking. Thank you for the offer," answered Bob, and the boys started to walk the remaining mile or so to the town.

Their strong athletic figures trained in cross country walks soon carried them to the city limits, just as a long zig zag of lightning was followed by a terrific crash of thunder. The wind had begun to blow and the whole northern sky was a mass of darkness save for frequent flashes of lightning. The city lights were twinkling here and there. The boys hurried on, still in the best of spirits, discussing the coming track meet.

"Hullo, guess this is where we live," said Dave, as he and George swung themselves over a low stone wall.

"Well, good night, fellows. See you tomorrow," called Phil and Bob as they hurried on.

Neither spoke until they had gone over two blocks, when Bob suuddenly gave a long whistle and grabbing Phil by the arm began confidentially:

"I say, Phil, what **is** the matter with Collins? He looks frightful. I tell you, Phil, I think he had some trouble with the president. He hasn't taken Dora any place for a month, and you know he simply adores her. Don't you remember how searchingly Tomp looked at Collins two weeks ago today when we were coming in from our last trip?"

"Here he comes now," interrupted Phil, as Jack Collins abruptly turned the corner and started up the street, not more than a block away. He hurried past, calling a gruff "Hullo," not even stopping to inquire about their tramp up the canyon.

"Now, isn't that a queer way to act, Phil? That is just the way he has passed me up for over a week. It wasn't so bad at first. But his manners have grown steadily worse. He has kept to his room pretty close, too. You know he used to be always running across the hall to my room. But he hasn't been over but once in two weeks, and Collins isn't a fellow to stay at home and cram stuff into his brain. I tell you something is the matter," Bob ended sharply.

They had stopped in front of Bob's place and were talking in undertones, when a sudden clap of thunder shook the very earth and the rain began to fall in torrents.

"Come on in, Phil, and spend the night. It's a dandy chance. You can 'phone your folks," and Bob swung open the front door invitingly.

Mrs. Cummings, who had heard them enter, soon called supper, after which the two boys hurried to Bob's room to work on Monday's essay together. It was some time before they could settle down to work, each seated in a large chair, Bob with his feet on the bed railing and Phil with his chair tipped back against the table. For a few moments they read in silence. Then Bob suddenly exclaimed:

"Say, Jack hasn't come yet, has he?"

Phil opened the door. Jack's room was dark. "Not here," was his dry remark, as he closed it. The boys looked meaningly at one another but said nothing. They were soon busy with their work again except for occasional comments on the subject matter they were reading. A little after eleven both boys threw down their books as they heard Jack's door close.

"Got in earlier than usual tonight. I hear him come in 'way after twelve every night," remarked Bob, gazing out of the window, where the rain splashed against the panes.

They had been talking and laughing over school matters for some little time, when a gentle rap at the door interrupted.

"Come," called both together.

Jack entered.

"Why, hello, Phil. You here? Going to spend the night? Sorry I can't join you two. But I am going on the two-thirty to uncle's. He just sent a telegram saying he had some important business to transact and for me to come at once. Please tell the Profs Monday. And say, Bob, will you hand this theme to Professor Larkin? Good bye. I'll be back before very long."

Bob Brethwaite laid the theme on the table.

"Well, what do you make of his actions? Doesn't he act queer? You could see he was holding something back."

"Hello, what's this?" exclaimed Phil as he stooped to pick up a small piece of paper just under the edge of Bob's chair.

"It's Jack's writing, isn't it? He must have dropped it just now. Let's see," said Bob, holding out his hand for the paper.

It was not very large; but it was covered with writing in a large business hand. It was Jack's. There was no mistake about that. Almost unconsciously Bob read what was written. He started up.

"Did you read it?" he asked.

Phil shook his head. Brethwaite began excitedly, though with subdued voice.

"Just listen to this! 'She said I must do it. I will do it! At night — stormy — unperceived — three blocks down fifth, two across Olive, up alley to third house from corner — box — window over shed — hedge.'..'

Phil reached for the paper and reread silently. What could it mean? Who was she? Was he going on the train or bluffing? At last he spoke.

"Third house — why, Bob, that is President Thompson's house!" he exclaimed. Bob nodded. "I know it."

"There he goes now. Let's follow. He must be mad. O, you scoundrel!" he cried as the front door creaked. "That is why he looked sheepish. The window over the shed leads into the president's study," Phil continued, more to himself than to Bob.

Both boys were ready and a moment later the door creaked again, as two more figures, collars turned up and hats pulled down, slunk into the shadows and followed Jack was carrying a suit-case and umbrella, and as he hurried along the empty streets, he picked his way quite carefully over the crossings, whistling softly now and then. The other two followed at a safe distance, keeping Collins in view until they saw him enter the depot just ten minutes before train time. Hurrying to the depot, they waited until Collins boarded the train before they were satisfied that he was actually leaving. They heard the clock strike the half hour and then they quickened their pace homeward.

When the two boys had once more regained their room and had changed their wet clothing, Bob picked up the paper again. On the opposite side he found written and re-written over the whole page, "I must do it," "I must do it." Bob shrugged his shoulders as he turned out the light.

"Isn't it horrible! Too dreadful! Well, we shall see."

Two weeks passed. The days dragged by. Every minute seemed an hour to the two boys anxiously awaiting Jack Collins's return. Not a word had they heard since he left. The time seemed to creep, to crawl. They couldn't study, nor could they talk of scarcely anything else.

It was the night of the Junior reception. Jack had not yet returned and Bob reminded Phil of this when they met in the entrance to the hall. A cab drove up o the curb. The boys saw it held a college couple and drew back to let them enter. It was quite dark, but both recognized the couple at once.

'Jack and Dora," gasped both at once.

"Well, Bob, do you think he has done it? asked Phil. But Bob shook his head.

Once inside they gave their minds to other things and set out to have a thoroughly enjoyable time.

It was after one that night before Bob heard Jack close his door for the first time in two weeks. Five minutes later, he heard a knock on his door, followed by the appearance of Collins smiling broadly.

"Hello, Bob, didn't we have a dandy time? I tell you Dora Thompson is the swellest girl in the school. If it hadn't been for her I'd never have cared. I owe it all to her. And say, she says Prof. doesn't care now if she does go with me."

"Well, what on earth are you talking about? It's all Greek to me, you Dutchman."

"Forgive me, Bob, I forgot to explain. Well just read this. It gives all particulars. You can guess at what isn't there," replied Jack, handing Bob a letter.

Bob gasped.

National Story Journal,
New York City,
June 12, 1904.

Mr. Jack Collins,

Dear Sir:—The judges for the one-hundred dollar prize detective story have given your "A College Detective" the highest place. We take great pleasure in sending you a check for one hundred dollars and a copy of the journal.

Yours respectfully,
James Cartwright.
Emma More, '09.

A Day With the Round-Up.

Groping and feeling my way out from beneath three or four thick blankets, and turning back the stiff, dewy tarpaulin, I peered into the gloom of early morning. The sweeping breeze of the plains brushed cool and fresh against my face. Shapeles forms of still, sleeping men loomed black against the low horizon. Near by I saw the form of the cook's thick legs, and a big kettle swinging before the light of the breakfast fire. I stared in amazement about me—then my confused mind cleared and I remembered that it was the cow-camp of the night before.

I quickly pulled on my boots, rolled the great pile into a huge bundle, and tied them with a large strap. Dark figures were moving about the camp, some crawling from beneath heaps of tangled beds, others trudging along with their big, ungainly rolls lifted high on their backs, to the bed-wagon. And so I carried mine, joining the silent procession that moved toward the white-topped prairie schooner.

Suddenly in this strangely quiet fragment of wild life, the cook's harsh voice pierced the silence, like a thing of steel:

"Grub's ready! Hi, yer bow-legged critters! I can't wait all day! What in the dickens do ye think — I come from Missouri?"

I joined the dark mass of men around a tin pail of water. The cow-punchers do not wash very much on the round-up. A slap of water to freshen the face, a vigorous wipe with a rough towel, and the men were ready for their breakfast.

Then I joined them, a crowd seated at the back end of the grub-wagon. Everything was very quiet, save for now and then the clink of the spoons on the tin cups. They ate in silence, all unconscious of the rich yellow sunshine that was flooding the camp.

Then the quiet of the morning was broken by a soft rumbling that suddenly grew into a roar, and from a floating cloud of golden dust the horse herd swung into the rope corral.

The men tossed the tin cups and plates in a heap near the big dishpan. There was a scuffle for ropes and the work started with a rush. In the corral the horses moved from one side to the other, crowding and crushing within the small rope circle. Above their shining backs, the thin loops swirled and shot into the air; the men wound in and out of the restless mass, their keen eyes always following the chosen mounts. Then one by one they emerged from the dust, trailing very dejected horses. The whistling of ropes ceased, and with a rush the horse herd burst from tho corral to feed and rest under the watchful eye of the wrangler.

By now we had all cinched up and mounted, save "The Swede." He was very short, with a long body and bowed legs; his hair and eyebrows were light against the burned face. His belt hung very low on the hips, and his blue jeans were turned up nearly to the knees. The ribbon of his highcrowned felt hat was bordered by rattlesnake hide and he wore a new white silk handkerchief that hung like a bib over his checkered shirt.

We watched him as he led his cayuse into the open country, for the horse was known to be bad. His name was Billy Snort. He was a scrubby gray, of poor breed, and probably from the North.

"The Swede" walked to the nigh side of his horse and hung the stirrup for a quick mount. Then he ran his hands over all the parts of the saddle, giving the cloth a tug to see if it were well set. The horse stood perfectly still, his hind legs drawn well under him; his head hung lower and lower, his ears were flattened back on his neck, and his tail was drawn down between his legs. "The Swede" tightened his belt, pulled his hat well down on his head, seized the cheek-strap of the bridle with one hand, and then carefully fitted his right over the shiny metal horn. For an instant he hesitated, and then, with a glance at the horse's head, he thrust his boot into the iron stirrup and swung himself with a mighty effort into the saddle.

The horse quivered and his eyes became glaring white spots His huge muscles gathered and knotted themselves in angry response to the insult Then with his great brutish strength he shot from the ground, bawling and squealing in a frantic struggle to rid himself of the human burden. Eight times he bounded the hard ground, twisting and bucking in circles. The man seemed a part of the ponderous, creaking saddle, his body responded to every movement of the horse.

Then it was over. The cow-punchers nodded in approval

and one of them dropped from his saddle and picked up "The Swede's" hat.

"Rounding-up" means to hunt and bring together thousands of cattle scattered over about the free range. The country is divided into a number of imaginary sections. Into each section the boss of an outfit sends the punchers in squads of twos and threes. This is called riding the circle.

The boss of our outfit was a man by the name of "Date" Casey, the cow-punchers called him "Date." He was of a silent nature, and without an equal in his ability to locate the wandering herds of cattle.

After a day's round-up he would talk to his men of the work and tell them what to do on the morrow. I remember that once he came to me and asked how I had fared for the day, and if I were saddle tired. I said, "No!"

"Then," he said, "you can work with Scotty Robinson and Edwards tomorrow. You'll ride the Little Cottonwood Crick-country." And as he was leaving he turned and said, "It's a durned long ride."

Accordingly, I started out, in the morning, with the others on the trail of some four or five hundred cattle. We rode many miles, finding very few cattle, some three or four, now and then, standing quietly together in a gully. As we pushed our way toward camp our herd gradually increased. With the added numbers the driving became difficult and we had to crowd our horses into the rear of the obstinate herd, all the time yelling and lashing them with our quirts.

It was well-nigh noon before we saw a sharp, dark line on the horizon. We knew that the dark line was the cattle already rounded up, and that we were late. But we had ridden the big circle that morning.

Our cattle saw the large herd, and their heads went up, their tails stiffened, and they hurried to join the long dark line. As we approached the main herd, our cattle became more quiet. Soon our cattle were on the run, and from a distance we stopped and watched the two herds merge one into the other.

To the right of the herd, some six hundred yards, stood the grub-wagon. Near by it I saw the smoke slowly rising from the cook's fire, and my appetite commenced to trouble me. Some one called, "Who says dinner?" and with that came the sharp crack of many quirts, the waving of hats, the whirling of ropes, and the cow-boys' yells. My horse was tired and streaked with sweat and white dust, but I found myself in the first "bunch" to the grub wagon. I jumped to the ground and hurriedly loosened the saddle and the soaking wet blanket from the horse's back and

threw them on the ground to dry. Then I made for the grub-box.

The wrangler ended the dinner by driving the horse herd into camp. From it fresh mounts were roped for the afternoon's work of "cutting out."

Cutting out is a hard, wearisome job. There were some six thousand cattle in the herd that had been rounded up that morning, and it was the work of the men to go through that mass and drive out certain brands known as the "Hash Knife," "Pot Hook," the "Lazy L," and the like. My roan was well trained. He seemed to know by my guiding which cow I was after.

And so the afternoon passed quickly. I rode for the last time into the herd, carefully watching for any remaining cows with the brand of the "Hash Knife." But I did not find any; my work was finished and I rested in the saddle, and watched the other boys complete their "cutting out."

As the sun grew low and red I slowly rode back to camp. I dismounted and with the knotted reins thrown over my arm, slowly walked over to the grub wagon.

Some of the beds had already been unrolled, and I spread mine in a good level place. In twos and threes the men came into camp, tired and dusty. We grouped about the wagons, sitting on the tongues, on unrolled beds, any where, perfectly contented, watching the cook prepare the evening meal. The odor of coffee scented the air and I was hungry and tired as I had never been before.

After the supper the men smoked cigarettes and told stories. They soon stopped telling stories, as they were all tired.

I crawled into my blankets and lay for a moment looking into the heavens. I pulled the blankets up to my chin and then I felt the warmth of the ground creep through them. As I lay there I heard the faint singing of a night herder floating through the air, and, for an instant, I thought of the morrow.

Mary Gorman, '10.

Dandelions.

1.

Bits of gold from the noonday sun
Caught in the tender growing grass
When the merry winds from the Southland blow
And the shadows of clouds o'er the warm earth pass.
The Spring has woven her magic web;
She flings its meshes far and wide,
And everything to new life wakes
After the dawn of Easter-tide.

2.

The lilacs open their purple buds.
Pale moss-flowers bloom in their sheltered nest.
But over the fields, with lavish hand,
Spring spreads the flowers which she loves the best.
And, that no heart her joy may miss,
By glowing signs is her presence told,
For, like the queen of an eastern tale,
She marks her advent with showers of gold

3

In the early dawn of Creation's day,
The morning stars together sang
For joy that another world was born;
Glad hymns of praise through the heavens rang.
And now, in the spring, when new hope is given,
And gone is the winter's storm and strife,
These earth-born flowers their peans raise
For the birth of beauty, and love, and life

EDITH E. KENNEDY.

Custom vs. Friendship.

Margaret sat beside her window, looking out over the broad campus and allowing her eyes to wander far down the long avenues of maples to the plain beyond and then to the brilliant sky, colored with the golden tints of sunset.

"Yes, it's pretty, but it's not like home. If I could only see those dear old mountains again, and Dixie — one ride across the plain on Dixie! But mother wanted me to come, and I'm not unhappy, indeed, I'm very lucky, and to think of Marie Willis taking so much notice of a little, unknown Western girl, bringing her here, and then begging her to stay and be her room mate! And the girls say that it's very hard to get into Burke Hall."

Marie Willis, who had already spent two years at Belmont, a well known college, had discovered Margaret Hollis at the station on the day of her arrival, and had offered to escort her to the dormitories, first taking her to Burke Hall for dinner. After a week had passed, she found Margaret again and asked her to share her room with her, for her former roommate had been a Senior and she had graduated. Margaret was only too glad to have so agreeable a roommate as Marie, and now, at the end of the third week, she was happily settled at Burke.

Marie, in her sweet, quiet way, soon drew from Margaret her history. She had spent most of her life in the West, partly on a great ranch where she lived during the summers, and partly in a Western city, where she had attended high school. After her graduation, her mother was determined to send her to Belmont where as a young girl, she had finished with high honors; but in her first year at school, a financial panic had caused her father a great deal of trouble and he had not survived the attack of nervous prostration which had followed. A friend in the East had taken charge of the estate and was still managing it for her mother. Margaret, after graduating from the high school, had spent a year on the coast with her mother and now was established at Belmont.

Marie sat at the desk, a book open before her, although she was not studying.

"'Margaret, what do you do in the summers? I should think you would get awfully tired of living on a ranch."

"Oh, no! Those are the best, the summers. I have Dixie, I ride him all the time. Dixie and I are great chums. The summer before I graduated from high school was, I think, one of the happiest. A nephew of the executor of father's estate came out

and spent the summer with us. We rode over the hills together, read together, and had the best time. Marie," she said simply, "I liked him."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know, Marie. We corresponded for over a year, Then he was traveling somewhere, and mother and I spent the winter on the coast, and I have never heard."

"Wouldn't it be great if he would turn up somewhere and you'd meet him again?" suggested Marie enthusiastically.

"Oh, I haven't any hopes for such a misfortune," answered Margaret gayly. "Once is enough." But now, as she gazed at the sunset, she couldn't help wondering where he was.

"I did like him, but now, I have almost forgotten. I didn't think then that I should. Three years ago, I was seventeen — Oh, well, I can't waste time like this. Now for study."

'The vivifying influence of the evolutional hypothesi,' — "Heavens, how dry! I believe a walk would do me more good. I'll get that vivifying influence when I get back," so she started for a stroll. At the door she met several other Juniors.

"O, Margaret, we were just looking for you. Do come with us. What do you think of our—?" and the girls walked down the avenue together.

Helen Potter, from a window above, looked with envy after the figure of Margaret Hollis.

"Why is she so popular? She isn't half as pretty as I am. Why don't the girls come to me for my opinion, as they do to her? She's a new girl, too, and I've been here for two years. I wonder if she will try for the presidency of the Juniors. Oh, I can't let her have it! I want it! She seems to know them all, too. I can't mix with everybody. Of course one can't, when she has been brought up exclusively as I have, but I guess I'll have to now, because I've got to have their votes. I wonder what would look best to wear to the Junior Prom. Howard Carter is handsome. I couldn't let her lead the grand march with him. Oh, I have got to beat her!"

Helen Potter was the only daughter of a rich banker of Chicago, a striking girl, tall and dark, graceful, and with that poise that always marks a girl born to shine as a queen in society. A year before, as a sophomore, she had met Howard Carter, now president of the Juniors, a tall, dark, manly looking young fellow of Brown college near Belmont. It was the custom and had been ever since the establishing of the two colleges, for the Juniors of Brown college to entertain the Juniors of Belmont at a reception and dance. It was also the custom for the president of the Brown Juniors to invite the president of the Belmonts for his partner and

to lead the grand march. This was a great honor and for this honor, Helen was striving. As president of the Juniors, she could lead the grand march with Howard Carter, the height of her ambitions.

Helen did not wait until the class election to gain the good will of her class, she began at once. She called upon the girls, gave matinee parties, spreads, and did many other things which she thought would influence the girls in her favor; and a great many of the two hundred and thirty in the class who were much flattered by her notice, promised her their votes.

"O Margaret, I do hope you get it. I don't want Helen to be our president, she is so everlastingly conceited, and she's working so hard for it," Marie burst excitedly into the room, her usual quiet manner laid aside, her cheeks burning and her eyes flashing, "Why aren't you excited like the rest of us? You know the presidency lies between Helen and you. She is working so hard, and you don't seem to care at all."

"Marie, I don't want to be a bone of contention. If I were elected, Helen would never get over it. If Helen is elected, it would not affect me in the least. It is better so, and she will make a much better appearance at the Junior Prom than I would. She is beautiful."

"Not in character," bitterly interrupted Marie. "All she is working for is to be able to go with Howard Carter to that old reception."

The day of the class election arrived. It was determined that a mere majority would decide the election. Everyone knew the run was between Helen Potter and Margaret Hollis, the chosen two, from two hundred and thirty girls. The votes were cast. The girls waited; Helen, nervous and worn out from the strain of the last few weeks; Margaret, her same happy self. The chairman rose. "The majority is very small, only ten. Miss Potter, a hundred twenty; Miss Hollis, a hundred ten. Miss Potter is elected."

Later, after the other elections were over, Margaret bade her friends good bye at her gate and ran upstairs to her room.

"Why, Marie, what's the matter?" she cried, upon opening the door. Marie was buried in the cushions by the window.

"It's the election," sobbed Marie, "You — you —"

"Well, I'm happy, so we don't care. You certainly ought not to, if I don't. I'm glad Helen will lead the grand march, anyway. Come and get some fresh air," so they started out together.

"Margaret, we have two weeks at Easter, and mother and father have left for the coast, so I can't go home for the vacation. Would — would you care if I invited my cousin down from

Brown's to spend it with us? He has only a week."

"Of course not. It would make things livelier, too, because nearly all the girls are going home."

So Marie's cousin arrived; but Marie was destined to be disappointed, for Margaret was ill for three days.

"Margaret, can't you come down just this evening. There are only two days more and you haven't even seen him yet. You haven't any idea what a splendid cousin he is," she had pleaded over and over again.

"I'll take a walk before supper and if I feel better, I will come down," Margaret had promised. "I wish my head didn't ache but I must get better for Marie's sake. Perhaps the air will do me good." She started across the campus toward the tennis court. "Someone else out for fresh air, too," she thought, as she saw a stranger approaching from the opposite direction. He had stopped suddenly.

"Why — Marjorie!"

"Harry," she exclaimed.

"How little I dreamed of seeing you. When Marie told me of her roommate, Margaret Hollis, I couldn't help thinking of a Marjorie Hollis that I used to know in the West. Since I have come to college, I've changed the 'Harry' to the more dignified 'Howard.' Oh, Marjorie, I have searched so long for you, and at last I have found you. I came here in hopes that I should meet your president, whom I would have asked to our Prom, but now — how glad I am that I came — you will be my partner, won't you, Marjorie?"

"Yes, "she answered softly, her grey eyes shining with happiness. "And the Junior President?"

"The Junior president be hanged; I've got what I want, so I'll change the custom' of the president's invitation." And together they went back to tell the delighted Marie.

Jessie Poindexter, '11.

Bill Won.

Bill was an old stage driver,
Careless, Western, free,
Who thought that conversation
Was just one grand big "me."
Tall was he of stature,
Broad was he of frame;
Round his back was getting,
And his old left knee was lame.
But still he was good natured
Save when "rheumatiz" came on,
Then the thing for folks to do,
Was skip out and begone.
'Twas near the Fourth of July one year
"An' dreadful schorchin' weather."
"Is that the only hoss there is
To run against old Leather?
If that's the way your Fourth's a goin'
Jest cause the weather's hot,
I'll run old Pinto George,
The last stage horse I've got.
He made the run at Frenchtown,
Ten years perhaps it's been;
But he beat 'em all at that time
An' I guess he can again."
The Day of Independence came,
The weather still was warm,
And there on raw-boned Pinto George
Was Bill's old weathered form.
His hat was brown and ragged,
One ear peeped through its brim;
His jockey days were over
But what was that to him.
Some of his old friends cheered him,
Some little ruffians jeered,
But he said to Leather's jockey,
"Yer lookin' sorta skeered."
Then the word was given,
Time for the race to start,
Old Leather and the other horse
Sprang forward with a dart.
But there stood Pinto George
As if glued to the spot,

And then another second
He was on his old rough trot.
Bill's ragged hat was flapping,
His quirt was flapping, too;
And with each step the old horse gained,
At last he almost flew.
That was after the others
Had almost finished their race;
But the judges forgot their duty,
To gaze at Pinto's pace.
'Twas on the old stage road,
Ten years or more that's been
Since Bill ran lank old Pinto George—
But they went that way again.
The fences crossed the road now,
But Pinto didn't mind
One bound, a flying coat tail,
Then the old hat left behind.
Bill stood up and said he won.
"No you didn't, you was last one."
But the judges nodded, they couldn't tell,
And when the people yelled for Bill
He just grinned and then said, "Well."

METTIE V. SLOCUM, '10.

A Day Dream.

Oh, the excellent pleasure of one lonely hour,
When most all the wide world one's own mind can devour.
Just to dream of the fountains, the rivers, and mountains,
And all of the wonders God made;
How the earth in great stages took ages and ages,
Before the foundation was laid.

Just to dream of the beautiful stars in the sky,
How they twinkle and sprinkle their lights from on high;
Then the moon's resplendent though soft mellow light
Through a part of the season shines, calm, clear, and bright;
How the earth on its axis rotates round and round,
It will bring day and starlight with only one bound.

Then we know far away there's the beautiful sea,
Where the shells on the shore are washed white as can be,
By the splash and the ripple of waves at their play;
How the beautiful sunset so grand and so rare,
Slips away o'er the mountains most wondrously fair;
Then the bright days in June, though not many to spare;
And the long lonesome twilight we never could dare
With the morning or noontime to ever compare.

MATTY NEELEY.

My Experience at an Ideal School.

The winter of 1950, I passed in Chicago, where each day I attended the lectures of a most noted schoolman, Dr. Thorpe. As I attended every lecture, and was much interested in the reforms advocated by the doctor, we soon became well acquainted. He visited me frequently, and we whiled away many a lonesome hour by discussing questions of the day. Ever since my Normal school days, when I had studied hygiene under the noted Dr. Mandahl, who was afterward transferred to the principalship of a school in Mars, I had been intensely interested in everything that pertained to the hygiene of the public school. Many things had changed since those dear old normal days, but the question of what constituted an ideal school was still bitterly discussed by the noted educators of the day.

Dr. Thorpe, naturally, was a most zealous apostle of the ideal school, so I was not surprised when he informed me that he had been appointed by the American board for the promotion of the best interests of the school, to visit the planet Jupiter in his airship, and bring back to earth a comprehensive account of the schools of that place; but I was surprised when he invited me to go along.

We left the earth Thursday, Jan. 26th, and reached Jupiter the following Monday, after a most successful voyage through the air. Having decided that we would visit the capital city, Alltashi, first, we turned the airship in that direction. By the greatest good fortune, we landed in front of the school building itself.

The school house, which was a long, two-story brick building, stood in the midst of a vast plot of ground. There was no fence about the place, but all around were trees and flowers, the climate of Jupiter being as perfect as that of California. A beautifully

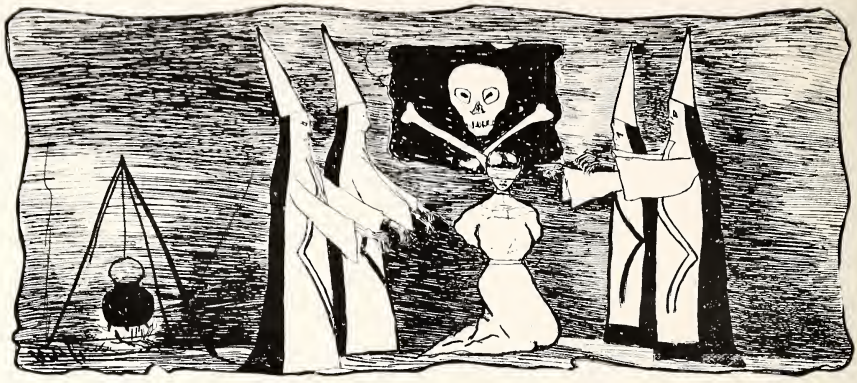
kept lawn made the front of the building look home like, while on the left and right to the rear, could be seen a bare expanse, evidently the play ground, for we could see the children playing about there. There were four entrances to the building, one on each side. We chose the front entrance, and entered a long corridor, about twelve feet wide, and entirely covered with linoleum. This corridor, which ran the whole length of the building, was well lighted by large windows placed at both ends. This corridor was crossed in the middle by another corridor connecting the other two entrances, and was similarly lighted. We descended steel stairs to the basement, which we examined first. The floor was of asphalt, in order that on cold days, so the principal informed us, the children could play indoors. Here were also the baths and gymnasium. One thing I especially noticed was the absence of the furnace room. I remarked about this, and the principal told us that this improvement was due to the efforts of Dr. Mandahl, the noted schoolman of Mars, who wished this feature of the school to be as nearly like the M. S. N. C. as possible.

We next went to the first floor, where there were six rooms. A description of one will suffice for all. There were three doors into the room, two opening into the corridor and one into the cloakroom. There must have been at least twelve windows in the room, for the light was extraordinarily good, coming as it did from the left and the back of the room. I did not notice the quality of the window glass, because its extreme cleanness surprised me. The curtains were odd, being all fastened in the middle and drawn up or down at will. The floors were covered with linoleum, and when I remarked about it, the principal told me that this improvement was also due to Dr. Mandahl. He said, "You must have adopted Dr. Mandahl's reforms on earth, because he used to live in Dillon, Montana, where he taught school hygiene in the Normal College." But alas, I was forced to say that the prophet was without honor in his own country. But to return to the room. The walls were tinted a grayish green, and two or three pictures that especially appealed to the children, adorned the walls. The boards were black, and only white crayons were used, the use of colored crayons being prohibited by law. The school room seated about forty-eight pupils, and while I did not measure the room I am sure the dimensions agreed with those we studied about in school hygiene. The seats were adjusted to meet the demands of the individual child, for even while we were there the janitor came in and adjusted a seat for one of the pupils. What pleased me most in the room was the charming personality of the teacher, who greeted us so pleasantly. She was Jean Mitchell personified. I am sure Dr. Mandahl himself could have found no fault with

her. When we left the room, before going up stairs, the principla asked us if we were thirsty. On our replying in the affirmative, he led us to a little vestibule off one of the corridors. Here were the faucets which supplied the school with water. A cupboard stood in one corner, and opening it, the principal displayed row after row of tin cups turned up side down. Each cup had a child's name on the handle. While Dr. Thorpe jotted down notes, the principal informed me that Dr. Mandahl had also introduced this system into Jupiter. Then we went up stairs, the principal calling our attention to the fireproof stairs which were constructed of steel. There was also a landing on each stairway to break the climb for little feet. The stairs had balustrades, for the principal explained, "the child likes to see what is going on below." On looking from one of the windows, I saw queer looking projections on the side of the building. The principal explained that they were fire escapes, and that the children used them as a sort of shoot the chute affair at recesses, held both morning and afternoon. He asked me if I wished to try the feat, and in an evil hour, I consented. I shot down like a meteor, leaving Dr. Thorpe to follow. I struck the ground so hard that I was rendered unconscious by the fall (people in Jupiter can stand more than people on earth). When I regained consciousness, the town clock was striking twelve, the Dean had put out the lights, quietness reigned in the Dormitories of M. S. N. C., and alas, for Dr. Thorpe's lectures, and all of Dr. Mandahl's instructions, my description of the ideal school was still unfinished.

M. M. Noeth, '09.

ORGANIZATIONS.



Y. W. C. A.

Officers for 1909.

Miss Gladys Winters, - - - - - - President
Miss Etta Brainard, - - - - - - Vice President
Miss Ruth Griffin, - - - - - - - Secretary
Miss Mae Davenport, - - - - - - Treasurer

In October 1909, the annual State Convention of the Y. W. C. A., was held in Dillon, the Convention delegates being the guests of the Y. W. C. A. of the Montana State Normal College. The associations of the following schools and places were represented: The University of Montana; Montana Agricultural College; Wesleyan University; Gallatin County High School; Billings city organization, and the Montana State Normal College.

The distinguished guest of the Convention was the National secretary for student organizations, Miss Bertha Conde, of New York City. During the Convention Miss Conde delivered several excellent addresses on "The Significance of the Association Movement," and "The Power of Prayer."

Via Christi.

Five years ago, Miss Carson took charge of a class of Norma girls, which was connected with the Sunday School of St. James' Episcopal church. Since that time, the membership of the class has steadily increased, and the deepest interest has been felt in the work, which has become a most valuable feature of the college life. The work is entirely undenominational in character, and members of many different religious bodies are privileged to share the help and inspiration which it affords. During the last two

VIA CHRISTI.

years, the course has included a study of the Psalms, and of Professor Moulton's edition of the Gospel of St. John.

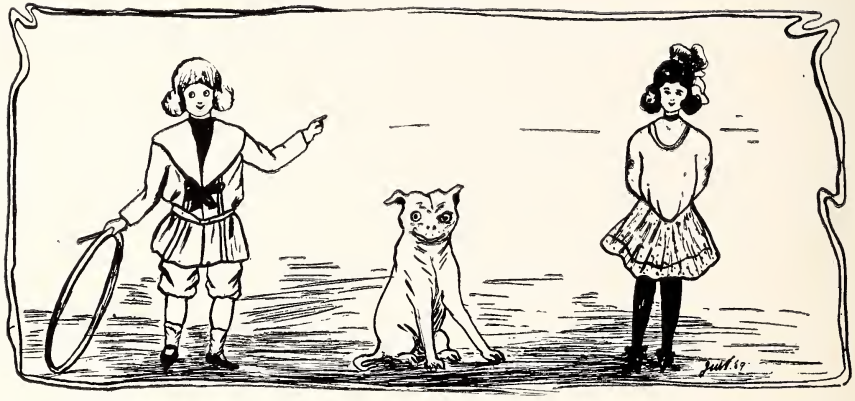
Last year the class was formally organized. The name, Via Christi, was chosen, and a small gold pin in the form of a cross was selected as the badge of membership. The following verse from Whittier's "**Our Master**" is the bond of union:

"O, Lord and Master of us all!
What e'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine."

Officers.

Miss Lucy H. Carson, - - - - - - - Director
Miss Anna K. Larson, - - - - - - - President
Miss Berna Schroeder, - - - - - - - Secretary

The Katzenjammers.



Buster Brown, - - - - - - - - Olive Robbins
Mary Jane, - - - - - - - - Edna Ketchum
Tige, - - - - - - - - - Lora Maxwell
Maud, - - - - - - - - Gertrude Nelligan
Happy Hooligan, - - - - - - - Lela Maxwell
Gloomy Gus, - - - - - - - Beth Featherstone
The Policeman, - - - - - - - - Louise Lower
The Captain, - - - - - - - - Lucy Barter
Mother Katzenjammer, - - - - - - Cora Truax
Gaston, - - - - - - - - Marie Albrecht
Alfonso, - - - - - - - - Mildred Negley
Sigle, - - - - - - - - Bessie Ralston
Hans, - - - - - - - - Gladys Franks
Fritz, - - - - - - - - Sylvia Black

The T. T. B's.

Dorothy Roberts, Helen Moran, Grace Johnson, Eleanor Schmidt, Agnes Rossiter, Grace Cleveland.

The Z. Z. Z. Society.

Officers.

Emma More, - - - - - - - - - President
Josephine Lilly, - - - - - - - Vice President
Ada Hurd, - - - - - - - - - Secretary
Genevieve Albertson, - - - - - - Treasurer
Bertha Oard, - - - - - - Sergeant-at-Arms
Miss Batman, }
Mrs. Owsley, } - - - - - - - Advisory Board

Purpose: Unity and pure speech.

An extract from the secretary's book, January 10, 1909:

Meeting called to order by the president. The following motion was brought before the house for consideration. All Catholic girls desiring breakfast after low mass at eight o'clock shall sign their names on a slip of paper placed in the main entrance by the members of the Z. Z. Z. Society. Each girl shall, after eating breakfast, remain seated until all dishes have been taken from the tables by the members of the society. The Catholic girls shall then pass quietly to the dish pans assigned and wash such dishes as directed by the Z. Z. Z. girls.

The motion was seconded, unanimously carried, and passed on to the advisory board for consideration. The motion was, later in the evening, ratified by that honorable body.

Kappa Zeta Nu.

The Kappa Zeta Nu Sorority, an organization formed by the women members of the Senior class of 1905, for the purpose of furthering the college spirit through literary and social channels, has become a very active and influential factor in the college life of its members.

The work of this year has been divided into two parts, the one consisting of a study of Shakespeare, conducted by Miss Carson, the other a study of recent authors and painters, these latter meetings being followed by social sessions.

Officers for 1908.

President, - - - - - - - - - Anna Hagen
Vice President, - - - - - - Edna Ketchum
Secretary, - - - - - Elizabeth Hagarty
Treasurer, - - - - - - Elizabeth Hogeland
Critic, - - - - - - - - Berna Schroeder
Historian, - - - - - - - Edith Kennedy
Sergeant, - - - - - - Katherine Sullivan

Officers for 1909.

President, - - - - - - - - Anna Hagen
Vice President, - - - - - - Agnes McMenamey
Secretary, - - - - - - - - Anna Larson
Treasurer, - - - - - - Elizabeth Hogeland
Critic, - - - - - - - - Alice Russell
Historian, - - - - - - - - Mae Busch
Sergeant, - - - - - - Katherine Sullivan

Woman Suffrage at the Normal.

On November 3rd it was clearly demonstrated that the affairs of the nation could be safely entrusted to the members of the fairer sex, for on that evening the young ladies of the Montana State Normal College had an opportunity to express their opinion as to who should guide the "Ship of State" after the election, and their clear and unbiased judgment was shown by the way in which they embraced this opportunity.

On this evening the young ladies gathered in the recreation room after dinner, and held an election. Although a little time was lost in getting started, as each young lady was naturally rather curious to know for whom her neighbor was going to vote, this curiosity was readily controlled and each one attended strictly to her own ballot and meditated as seriously before marking it as if

her vote was the one which would decide the momentuous question of who would occupy the presidential chair during the coming term.

The result of this election was, with very few exceptions, the same as the result of the general election, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft being almost equally popular with the young ladies of the M. S. N. C.

Although there are no strenuous advocates of woman suffrage at the Normal, the girls were naturally well satisfied, since they had proven that, should they ever receive the right to vote, they would be capable of exercising this right.

Debating at the M. S. N. C.

Professor Fuller, the head of the History Department, has introduced a new feature into the work of that department, that of debating. At the close of the semester, students from the various classes are chosen to take part in these debates. The following are the debates given at the close of the fall term:

The Mediaeval History Debate.

Question: Resolved, that the Crusades were more beneficial than detrimental to Europe.

Affirmative: Miss Stebbins, Miss Harrington, and Mr. Carroll.

Negative: Miss Nancy Renwick, Miss Albertson, and Miss Gertrude Slocum.

Judges: Miss Carson, Mrs. Kress, and Mr. Mosher.

Critic: Miss Bettes.

The decision was in favor of the affirmative.

The American History Debate.

Question: Resolved, that the American Navy should be increased.

Affirmative: Miss Templeton and Miss Moran.

Negative: Miss Ward and Mr. Clapp.

Judges: Misses Hogeland, Weenink, and Lucia Johnson.

Critic: Miss Carson.

The decision was in favor of the negative.

Inter Collegiate Oratorical Contest.

THOMAS CLAPP.

In May of the year 1907, the Montana State Normal College became a member of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Montana. In March of 1908 a local association was organized with Miss Ralston as president. The following April the local preliminary contest was held, the contestants being as follows:

MR. CLAPP, - - - - - - - "Child Labor Problem."
MISS RALSTON, - - - - - - "Wealth of Montana."
MR. CARROLL, - - - - - - "The Power of the Press."
MISS KETCHUM, - - - - "A Plea for the American Musician."

Mr. Clapp won first place, and thus represented the M. S. N. C. at the State Contest which was held at Helena, May 1, 1908. Here, too, Fortune favored the M. S. N. C. and Mr. Clapp bore away the laurel crown.

The Senior Class Play.

On the evening of June eighteenth, the Senior Class of Naughty Eight gave us a peep into a home where lively preparations were being made to send a daughter off to the Montana State Norma College. Miss Ida Stonecliffe showed a true motherly care for the welfare of her daughter as she crushed one article after another into the capacious telescope, proudly accepting the gift of a large white spread from one of the kind neighbors who had heard that all the girls had "spreads" in the dormitory. Certainly the daughter, Miss Rose Wesch, hardly looked as if she could do justice to the very amply provided lunch basket filled with donations from solicitous neighbors.

The country girl is transformed, and under the carefully directed training of the Dean, Miss Bessie Collier, takes her part in an evening reception, most gracefully entertaining the Dillon young men represented by Miss Clara Marcille and Miss Fern Clark. The practical part of the Senior course, the model primary school in charge of Miss Eva Bower, did special credit to the training of Mr. Robert Clark. The members of the naught eight class were hardly recognizable under the guise of pert, pouty, or precise little

boys and girls. The farewell scene at the depot showed the trim figure of the new student, now an old student, returning, suit case in hand, to her country home.

THE PROFESSOR'S MALADY.

Class '09.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Professor Goodwillie	Mr. Clapp
Dr. Cosens	Mr. Vogel
Sir George Gilding	Miss Hogeland
Dr. Yellowleaves	Miss McMenamey
Pete	Miss Schroeder
Henders	Miss Lucia Johnson
Lucy White	Miss Storey
Lady George Gilding	Miss Nelligan
Dowager Lady Gilding	Miss Grace Johnson
Agnes Goodwillie	Miss Schmidt
Effie	Miss Noeth

Synopsis.

ACT I.

SCENE—The Professor's Study. The Professor takes ill. Dr. Cosens prescribes, then diagnoses the case. The Dowager sets her cap, and the Professor takes flight to Tullocmains.

ACT II.

SCENE—Field near the Professor's Summer Cottage. The Professor puts on the "boy." Miss Goodwillie becomes alarmed. Dr. Yellowleaves diagnoses the Professor's case, and when he asks for Dr. Cosens's opinion he discovers the name of a new ailment, "Cherchez la Femme." (search for the woman). The Dowager schemes and Lucy takes advantage. Pete and Henders become rivals.

ACT III.

SCENE—Lawn in front of the Professor's cottage. Henders bargains with Pete. The Professor gives the Doctor advice. Miss Goodwillie experiences a change of heart. The Dowager is hopeful. Lucy White wins the day.

THE MONMAL STAFF.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Monmal.

The "Monmal" began its history with the year of '07. During that year the paper survived with difficulty. It was a new enterprise in the school, and the burden of the work both in writing and in organizing fell to the members of the staff, to whom we certainly owe a vote of thanks for tiding the paper over this discouraging period. During the year of '08 the paper grew rapidly under the managership of Mr. Clapp and Miss Russell, and later Miss Theo Smith.

In September 1908, the Monmal was set upon a still firmer basis. A constitution was drawn up by the staff of '08, in which provision was made for a board of advisors, and for the annual election of the editor and associate editor-in-chief, thus establishing a foundation for future years to build upon.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

THOS. CLAPP, - - - - - - - - Editor in Chief
GAIL BEUSCHLEIN, - - - - Assistant Editor in Chief
EDNA KETCHUM, - - - - - - - Literary Editor
LUCIE NUTTERVILLE, - - - - Assistant Literary Editor
BESSIE STORY, - - - - - Local and Social Editor
BEULAH HARRISON, - - Assistant Local and Social Editor
HELEN LAIRD, - - - - - - - - Alumni Editor
BESSIE HOGELAND, - - - - - Exchange Editor
JESSIE POINDEXTER, - - - - Assistant Exchange Editor
ALBERTA ANDRUS, - - - - - - - - Art Editor
MILDRED WEENINK, - - - - - Assistant Art Editor
JACOB VOGEL, - - - - - - - Supscription Manager
ALBERT SWAIN, - - - - - - - Business Manager

The Inter-Mountain Educator.

The Inter-Mountain Educator is a professional journal devoted especially to the interests of the teachers of Idaho and Montana. It is issued monthly at the Montana State Normal College, under the joint editorship of President Swain, Superintendent R. G. Young of Butte, and President George H. Black of the Lewiston, Idaho, State Normal School.

CHINOOK STAFF FOR '09.

The Chinook Staff of '09.

First our Vogel comes in line;
As editor-in-chief he is certainly fine.
All dangerous rocks he has steered us past,
Until our "Chinook" is anchored at last.

Next, Miss Hagen, his helper true,
What she undertakes she'll certainly do.
An aid to the paper she surely has been,
For to her half-done work is unpardonable sin.

Miss Johnson, a maiden modest and true,
Came to the Normal a great work to do.
And in order that her art might shine
She chose the literature for nought-nine.

If you want a person to do good work,
Call on Miss Ketchum, and she'll not shirk.
The locals and socials show only one line
In which this editor can worthily shine.

Like Orpheus of old who played so well
That he charmed the god Pluto, so they do tell,
Miss Schroeder has worked with might and with main
To make our music department worthy of fame.

Basket ball, tennis, in fact all the games
Are to this person more than mere names,
So to give the athletic department more glory
We elected as editor Miss Bessie Storey.

If ever you wish things bright and breezy,
Just call on Gail and she'll make it easy.
So much in art she doth delight
She seems a marvel in our sight.

Modest Bessie, that such a one
So shy, sedate, and yet so full of fun,
Should ever her dignity so humble
And make of dates such a jumble.

Of all the witty maidens
Who ever entered Normal Hall
The Slams editor, Katherine Sullivan,
Is the wittiest of them all.

Mr. Clapp, the manager, felt quite gay
When but few debts he had to pay;
But when he counted surplus money
He didn't think it half so funny.

SOCIETY

Aunt Cynthia at the Opening of the New Building.

Aunt Cynthia was sitting in her little blue rocker by the window, waiting for the post-man. Finally that longed for personage appeared with a letter that looked rather queer to Aunt Cynthia. "Wall, I declare, this ain't for me is it?" said Cynthia, looking quizzingly at the post-man.

"I reckon 'tis, ma'm. Your name's on 't."

Cynthia took the letter, moved slowly back to the little blue rocker, and settled herself leisurely. "Wall, wall," she mused. "I never got nothing like this afore. Where do ye reckon it's from? Post mark sez Dillon, but I don't communicate to nobody thare."

At last she opened the envelop. "Wall, I declare, if thare aint 'nother envelop. This kind o' looks like wedding invitations, but I aint heerd tell o' any my rel'tives bein' so fortunate." As she said this she opened the inner envelop, and a dainty card fell to the floor. Cynthia picked it up wonderingly. "Miss Amanda Jenkins," she read. "Lands sake that young un ain't a goin to get married afore she's finished her schoolin'," she exclaimed, quickly reading the invitation, and aloud she reread the words: "The Faculty and Senior Class of the Montana State Normal College request your presence at the Commencement Exercises."

"Wall, I'll jist write Mandy right now, seein' the Faculty and hull Senior Class wants me so badly. I don't spose I know any o' the Faculty, it's bin so long since I wuz thare, but I remember the old place, e'en tho I wuz thare only a summer term," she said to herself as she folded up the invitation.

So Aunt Cynthia arrived in Dillon on Wednesday of Commencement week. This evening the formal opening of the new building was held. It was with wonder and excitement that Aunt Cynthia walked down the aisle of the brilliantly lighted new assembly hall, her eyes like saucers, and her lower and upper jaws considerably parted.

"Why, Mandy," she said in amazement to the girl at her side, "This is better'en the Dillon theatre. Jist look at its galleries, red velvet carpet and slantin' floor."

Aunt Cynthia's enthusiastic remarks were beginning to attract some attention, so Amanda hastily led her to a seat to await the program of the evening.

"And do ye year that kind o' fiddlin' every night, Mandy?" she queried, after Professor Riedelsberger had given one of his most alluring selections. "That's 'nough to turn ye all inter angels."

Addresses by Mr. Paul, Mr. Norris, and Mr. White, then followed, to all of which Aunt Cynthia listened very attentively, for she "remembered that Mr. Paul and Mr. White," and "Mr. Norris," she had prophesied "would be guv'nor of Montana someday."

After the program the guests were escorted thru the building into the gymnasium. This latter place quite took Aunt Cynthia's eye. "And is this whare ye hold all your receptions? Never had sech room to waste afore."

"Yes," said Amanda. "This is where the Juniors entertained the Senior Class and Faculty this year. That is the reason it is so beautifully decorated. You notice that the flowers in the big hanging basket are lavendar and white, the Junior colors."

By this time they had walked over to the corner of the room where two young ladies were serving punch.

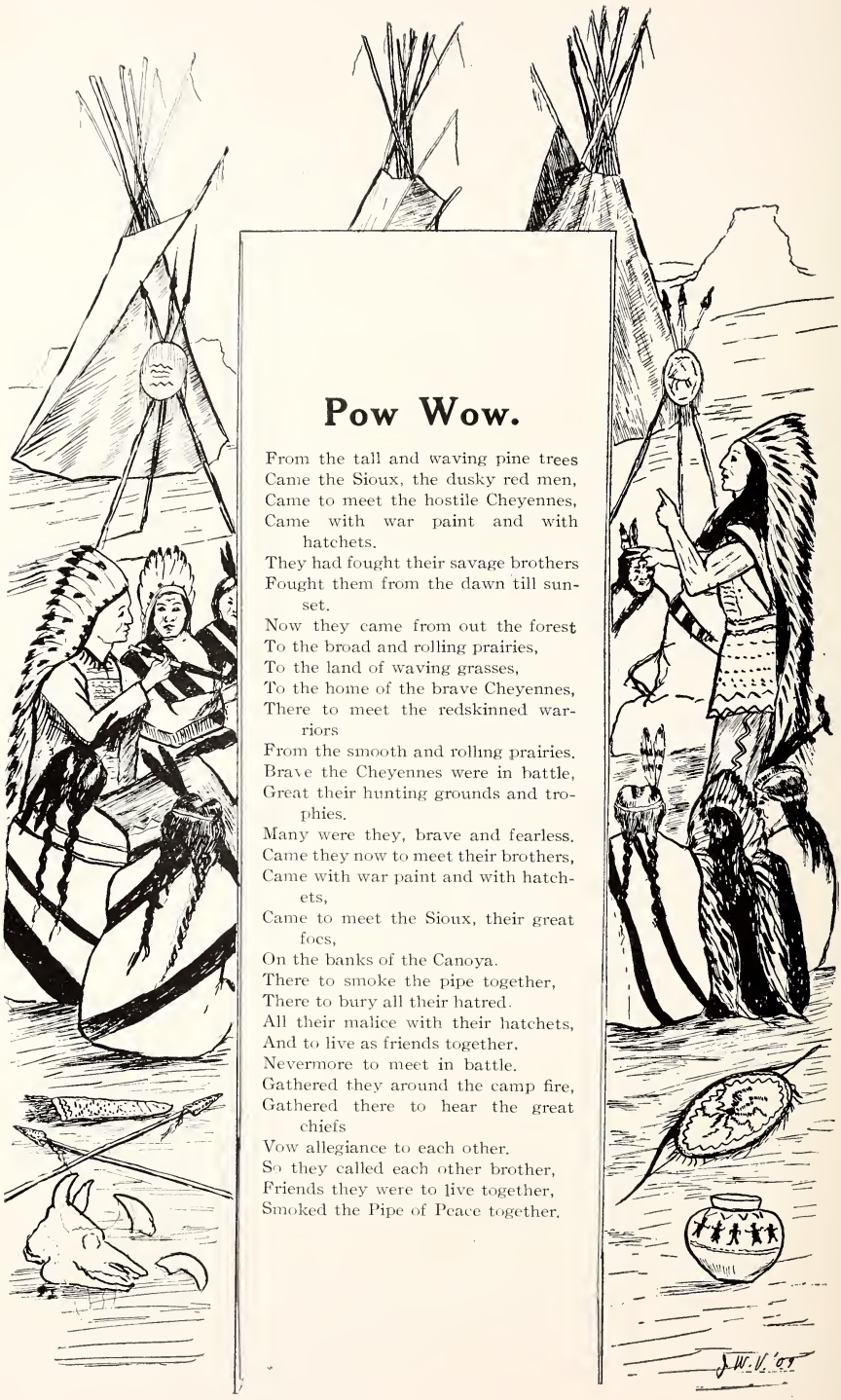
"I ne'er seen any lemonade with bananas, cherries and oranges in it," she remarked as Amanda handed her a glass of punch. She had no sooner taken the glass than out went the lights, and the hall was in total darkness. "Oh,! Mandy, Mandy," exclaimed Cynthia, in terror, as the dainty punch glass fell from her trembling fingers.

Presently President Swain appeared with several candles and Amanda was able to lead the bewildered Aunt Cynthia from the hall.

In a few minutes the building was again illuminated, and Aunt Cynthia and Amanda continued their tour thru the new building. In the laboratories Aunt Cynthia was introduced to Professor Monroe, who conducted them thru these rooms, causing Aunt Cynthia much alarm for her well being by turning on the gas jets and the dynamo.

From here they went to the library, where nothing would do but Aunt Cynthia must sit in one of the big mission chairs and read a few pages from "Pilgrim's Progress."

By this time Aunt Cynthia was quite tired, and without further remarks or exclamations she and Amanda went home.



Pow Wow.

From the tall and waving pine trees
Came the Sioux, the dusky red men,
Came to meet the hostile Cheyennes,
Came with war paint and with hatchets.
They had fought their savage brothers
Fought them from the dawn till sunset.
Now they came from out the forest
To the broad and rolling prairies,
To the land of waving grasses,
To the home of the brave Cheyennes,
There to meet the redskinned warriors
From the smooth and rolling prairies.
Brave the Cheyennes were in battle,
Great their hunting grounds and trophies.
Many were they, brave and fearless.
Came they now to meet their brothers,
Came with war paint and with hatchets,
Came to meet the Sioux, their great focs,
On the banks of the Canoya.
There to smoke the pipe together,
There to bury all their hatred.
All their malice with their hatchets,
And to live as friends together.
Nevermore to meet in battle.
Gathered they around the camp fire,
Gathered there to hear the great chiefs
Vow allegiance to each other.
So they called each other brother,
Friends they were to live together,
Smoked the Pipe of Peace together.

Annual Reception.

The Annual College Reception has become an established custom, and each year the students endeavor to make the welcome to the new students more pleasant. This year instead of a formal reception, a social evening was given, progressive games forming the main feature of the entertainment.

Senior Dinner.

Heretofore those graduating in February have seemed to be somewhat slighted in the way of a good time, they have had all of the work, but none of the fun. This year the Senior Class of '09 took account of this fact and endeavored to make the closing school days more pleasant for their classmates leaving at the winter term. On January 30th, the Senior Class gave a dinner in the Dormitory Dining Hall in honor of the graduates, Miss Theo Smith and Miss Hannah Bro.

Commencement Week.

"Smoking the Pipe of Peace," Normal Campus,
June 13, 9 P. M.
Baccalaureate Sermon, Dr A B. Martin, Dillon,
Normal Assembly, June 14, 3 P. M.
The Junior-Senior Reception, Gymnasium,
June 15, 8:30 P. M.
Alumni Reception, Episcopal Rectory,
June 17, 3 P. M.
Formal Opening of New Building,
June 17, 8:30, P. M
Class Play, Normal Assembly Hall,
June 18, 8:30 P. M.
Eleventh Annual Commencement, Normal Assembly, Address by President Hamilton, of the Montana Agricultural College,
June 19, 10:30 A. M.

A Mathematical Demonstration.

Proposition. The young ladies of the Montana State Normal College have a mighty good time in spite of the hard work.

Data Given: A Valentine and Martha Washington Party, a group of jolly young people.

Construction: In the Valentine figures construct several hundred scarlet hearts; pin them to the casings, mouldings, and curtains of the dormitory parlors. From the corners of the parlor to the chandeliers drape ropes of these red hearts in festoons, and adorn the lights with red chrysanthemum shades. Suspend from the ceiling a red, heart-shaped basket, artistically draped with smilax. Within this basket place pieces of hearts, inscribed with parts of verses and names, and attached to tiny red ribbons which hang from the basket.

In the Washington figure construct numerous red hatchets and arrange in a border around the moulding of the dormitory parlors' Drape the folding doors, archway, and windows, with red, white and blue flags and banners; and in the center of the archway hang a beautiful steel engraving of George Washington. Arrange here and there vases of dark red carnations and ferns.

Demonstration: In the Valentine figure the group of merry young people gather in the parlor for a Virginia reel. The number of girls equals the number of boys, so when each one pulls a broken heart from the basket, it will match with some one else's broken heart. By superposition the hearts are matched, and the partners for composing Valentine verses are found. The frivolity of mankind is then proved by the qualities the young people say they desire in a husband or wife. Some of the group are then proved similar to Cupid by their ability to shoot Cupid's bow and arrow. In the Washington figure the angle involving George's adventure with the cherry tree is used, the hatchet and cherry being reconstructed with gum by the young people. The person creating the most realistic objects was awarded with cut flowers instad of the reputation of having never told a lie. The leap year line is now brought into play, and the statement, that young men can make as good fudge as young ladies is proved by the construction method.

Conclusion: Since the above two parties equal a jolly time on the part of the students; since all other parties equal to these two parties, a good time on the part of Normal students equals all other parties; for things equal to the same thing equal to each other.

Dear Sister, Mifflin, Pa., December 1, 1908.

I take my pen in hand to tell you about the visit which I paid about a month ago, to our grand-niece K, at the Normal School, way off in Montana. K. wasn't expectin' to see me, so I had to find my way up from the station alone, and it took a considerable amount of time. When I come up the walk, the hall looked dark

and I said to myself, "These girls do keep good hours," But I tell you, Susan, it gave me the creeps when a ghost opened the door and touched me with a hand as cold as ice. Another spook beckoned me into a room across the hall, and in a few moments K. came runnin' in. Such a sight as that girl was! All her clothes was that outgrowed!

"Niece," I said, "Ain't you got no better things than them?"

"Oh yes, Aunt Prudence," she said. "These are some things which I stole from the Seniors this morning."

"Stole!" said I, "Stole!", but she only laughed and said something about class spirit. "So this is what she learns at the Normal," I thought, "and her the great granddaughter of a deacon!"

Out in the hall, she introduced me to the matron, who seemed a real nice lady, and we met a few more spirits, and finally got down stairs A big room was all fixed up with jack-o'-lanterns and apples, and filled with folks dressed all kinds of ways. It did look pretty, but I have my principles. "Niece," said I, "if this is a ball room, I ain't goin' in; I never set foot inside one and I ain't goin' to begin at my time of life." But she said it was only the dining room, and that the girls was havin' a Hallowe'en party.

Pretty soon we heard music, and some people came marchin' in with different kinds of heads on. One had a block head, and her a cabbage head, another a head like a puddin', another had hurt herself some way and had her head all tied up, and another had a skull. While they was playin' a little game, I said to K.

"Who be them folks?"

"The faculty," said she.

"Faculty?" said I.

"Yes," she said. "Our teachers over to the college."

Susan! I never would a-thought it! I did feel sorry for the matron, for of course she didn't like to say nothin', seein' as it was her house, but it must have been hard haven' the faculty act like that, and set such an example to the young folks. I got quite a turn when a gentleman with a turned up mustache and carryin' a gun come up to talk to me. He was a real nice-spoken young man, and K. said he was the 'rithmetic teacher. He looked just as I thought they would out west.

A lot of imps and goblins got up and sung some songs. There was one about a man makin' his wife a picture frame, and another askin' to have Bobby, who ever he was, brung back from some place where he had gone, and a real pretty one about a preacher who always done his duty. Niece told me to send you this one:

"Daddy Hanks, we hate to see you leaving,
Daddy Hanks, you know our hearts are grieving,
When you are sailing, sailing o'er the sea.

Daddy Hanks, Daddy Hanks.
And if ever you should take a notion,
To come sailing back across the ocean
Daddy dear, never fear, we'll be waiting for you,
Waiting for you, Daddy Hanks."

"They like that man lots, don't they;?" said I. "Who is he?"

"Why," said K., "they mean Dr. Swain, our president, who is taking a trip to England. All these songs are about our teachers.'

"Sakes!" said I, "Won't they be mad?" But when I looked around, there they all sat smilin' as pleasant as pie.

Two men brought in some chairs and some of the students dressed up and had a faculty meetin'. A lady with a white cap and apron got up and made a fine speech, all about givin' the young people enough to eat. I wish our sewin' circle at home could a-heard her! And after that some ghosts and witches lighted a fire and danced around and moaned terrible.

Oh, I forgot to tell you what K. done. She and a lot of boys and girls come in and talked to a gentleman sittin' at a desk, and cried, and got mad, and carried on somethin' awful. When K. got back she told me they were trying to show what a hard time the Seniors had with their studies.

"Well, niece," said I, "I don't think much of those who will steal their school-mates' clothes, and then mock at their sorrows." K. said somethin' more about class spirit, but I was clean disgusted.

"Won't you have somethin' to eat?" said K.

"No," said I.

"Won't you come in the other room and get your fortune told and see the girls bobbin' for apples?"

"No," said I. "I'm goin' to bed right now, and so are you." We went, but I couldn't git no sleep for quite a while, and I left early next mornin'.

I can make allowances, Susan. I know schools ain't what they was in our day, and I know that young folks will be young folks. But often and often I git to thinkin' about that faculty they have up to the Dillon Normal, and I wonder where they was raised that they don't sense their responsibilities no better.

I had to write you this to relieve my feelin's, but don't you go and let the neighbors know about how our brother Hosea's granddaughter is a-carryin' on.

Yr. affectionate sister,

PRUDENCE.

Dorm Life.

Inter Class Fights "Hurry girls, there they go.

When wild shouts and cries the citizens wake,
They never are startled at all,
For they know it is only those gentle students,
Up at the Normal Hall.

"Good night."

Lights go out slowly, one by one,
The key turns in the lock.
But they have quite forgotten
It is half past nine o'clock.

Making Fudge

What means this wild excitement,
These cries of keen delight,
These looks of mingled joy and pride?
The fudge has turned out right.

Tho we learn a lot of lessons,
Yet we think you will agree
That we do not lack amusement
At the M. N. C.

The Freshmen may be cunning,
The Juniors may be sweet,
The Seniors may be clever,
But how they all can eat!

I dreamed a dream, the urchins, bright or slow
Were slyly passing notes along the row,
They would not learn that two and two make four.
I woke, and **hoped** that I should dream no more.

Mary's flowers and Bessie's dress
Gertrude's ring and slippers too, I guess.
I deplore the bad grammar, but really do not see
Just how much of myself is me

"A'as," said some students of Dillon,
"With study our poor selves we're killin'!"
I was anxious to know if their teachers thought so—
But the answer to this wasn't given.

At the close of each bright, frosty day
To the pond we all hasten away.
The stunts that we do, are most of them new
And make the observers quite gay.

Come, wash clothes, and gossip, too,
Let us only have a few.
Then this riddle you may guess;
Do our hands or tongues work best?

At the witching hour of midnight
'Tis a pleasant feast, no doubt,
"But the gobble-uns 'ill git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out."

A Chemical Experiment.

Purpose: To test the power of pure Mountain O. and H^2. O. for rebuilding animal tissues, fibres, and gray matter, worn out by the grammar explosion of the Senior Class of '09.

Apparatus: Lively spirits, a frisky team, and good driver, a favorable weatherman, Sheep Canyon, old duds and stogies, and a full moon.

Material: Ample grub-stake, (a compound), roaring camp fire (Bunsen Burner), good dish washers, O, H^2. O, paint, feathers and carbon (C).

Manipulation: We first arranged the apparatus as shown in the figure. We applied heat in the form of a whip by means of which the tissues of the lively spirits were mingled with the oxygen of the fresh mountain air. The chemical reaction not tak-

ing place quickly enough, we discontinued the application of the aforesaid heat, checked the molecular motion of the 'apparatus shown above, allowing several of the lively spirits to escape to a farm house to exchange several atoms of silver for an equal amount of the atoms of eggs. The aforesaid heat was re-applied and Sheep Canyon was soon attained.

We now lit the Bunsen Burner and applied the flame to the atoms of eggs, and various molecules of the grub stake. The chemical reaction taking place rapidly, we were soon able to spread the contents af the test tubes and Florence flasks on the rock pedestal The molecules of the above chemical reaction soon evaporated as they came in contact with the lively spirits.

Phenomena observed: This latter union of the grub stake c mpound and lively spirits soon generated much energy, and the lively spirits were seen to ascend to the mountain tops, assume grotesque shapes in the forms of Indians in full war paint and feathers, and to rapidly descend to the "Rye Patch."

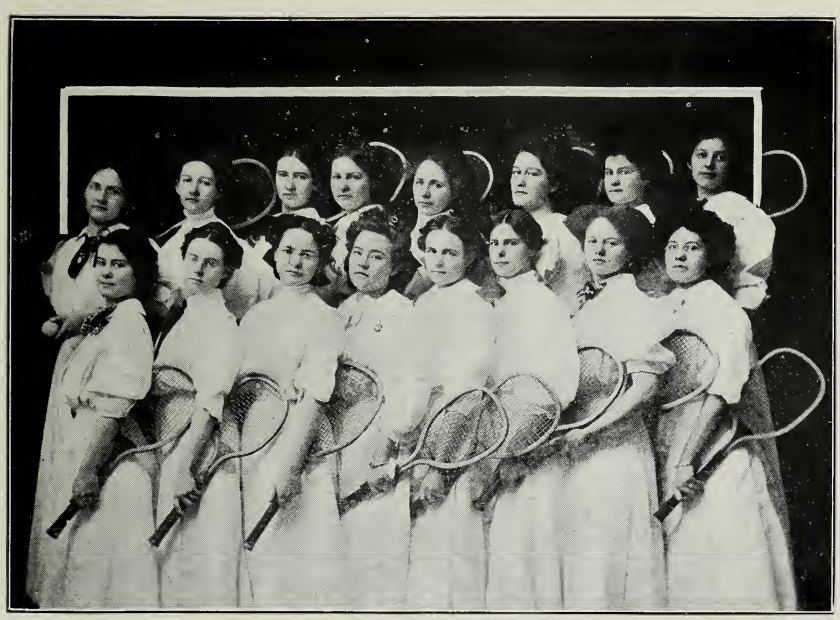
After a second application of the flame to the grub stake compound, and the union of the resulting compound with the lively spirits, the following phenomena were observed. The lively spirits danced gayly about the Bunsen Burner, and then settled peacefully around the rocks in front of flame, telling stories, and roasting apples.

The radiant energy of the rising moon soon reinvigorated the lively spirits, who escaped back to the apparatus, as shown in the figure, and were soon reduced to their Normal state.

Conclusion: We concluded that the mountain O, and H^2, O, has a decided recuperating power, and that they are extraordinarily effective on Normal Grammar Students and Faculty dignity.

ATHLETICS
'09

Fall Tournament of 1908.



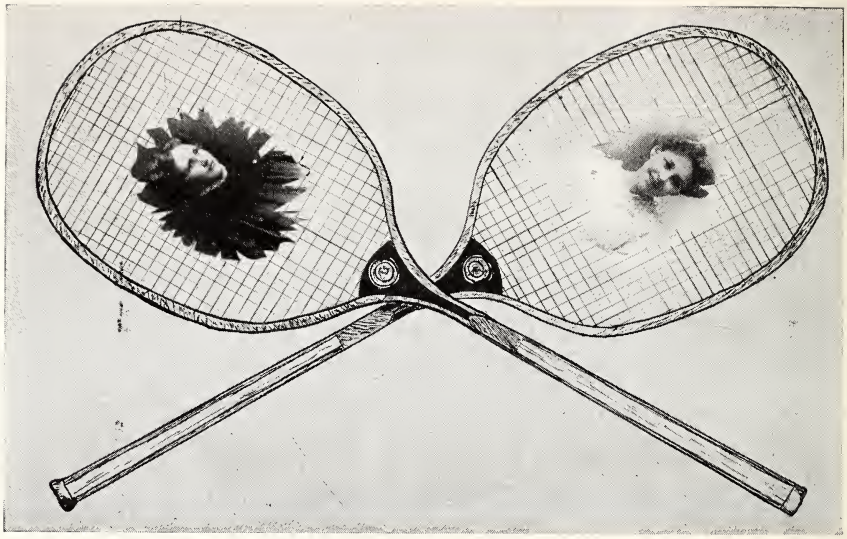
TOP ROW.

Bessie Storey.
Nellie Taylor.
Agnes Rossiter.
Gail Beuschlein.
Grace Johnson.
Emma Johnson.
Eleanor Schmidt.

LOWER ROW.

Dorothy Roberts.
Esther Powers.
Ruth Griffin.
Mae Capps.
Mettie Slocum.
Edna Ketchum.
Grace Cleveland.
Maud Sigler.

Tennis.

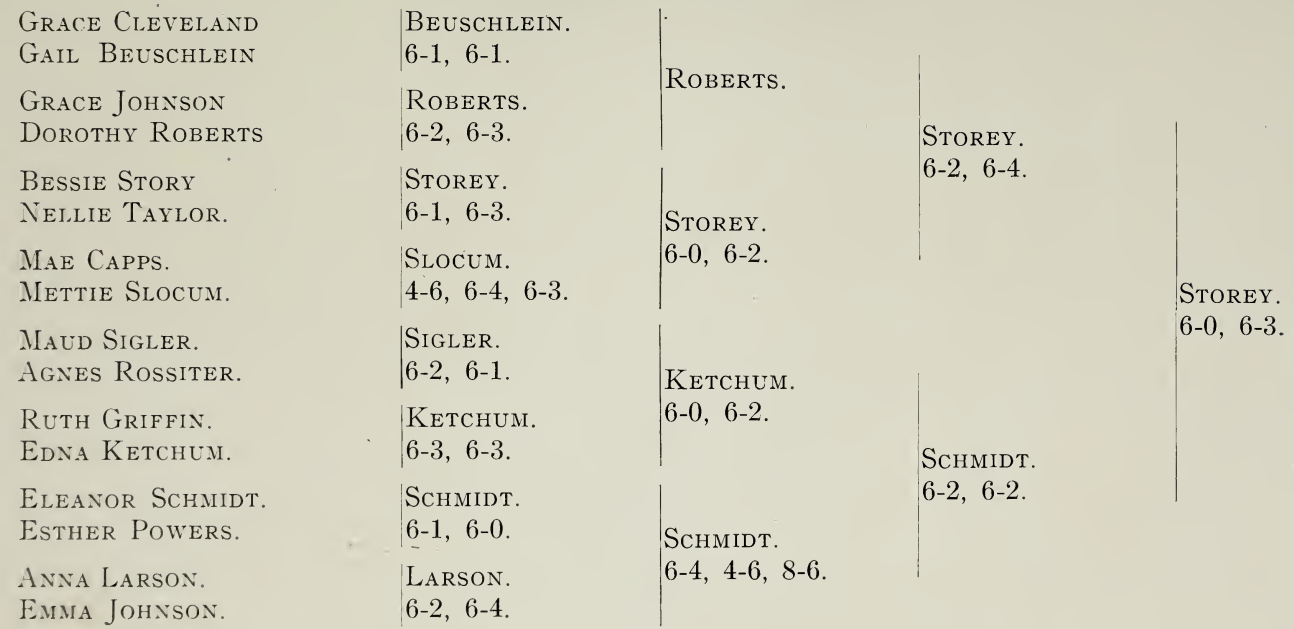


Probably during no previous year has athletics taken such a firm hold upon our college life as it has this year. True we have played no inter-collegiate games and have won no laurels but here in our own college among all the students the benefit has been felt. The gymnasium work which has been carried on thru the entire year has resulted in incaculable benefit to each individual student and the extreme interest in basket ball which has led to the inter-class tournament has started what we expect to be a lasting custom. Many pleasant evenings and afternoons were spent on the ice rink also.

But in the early fall tennis was the liveliest topic of conversation. A tennis club was organized and the sport carried on systematically from the very first. The club furnished balls and racquets for its members and kept the courts in splendid condition. During the entire fall a large number of students participated in the sport; but as the time for the tournament approached there were sixteen girls who were unusually active and who occupied all spare moments not with quiet conversation but with racquets One very powerful incentive to this enthusiasm was the occasional glance at a beautiful umbrella displayed in Mr. Stamm's jewelry-store window. This beautiful silk umbrella with the gold and pearl handle had been generously offered by Mr. Stamm as a prize for the successful player

Miss Larson the president of the Tennis Club presented the prize at General Exercises to the winner Miss Storey.

Tennis Tournament.



The Base Ball Game.

The usual Saturday night crowd were gathered around the large box stove in Brown & Co's. General Store at N———. The order of the evening seemed to be stories of base ball some of which were not a little wild and improbable. "Three Fingered Sam" a gambler by trade was just then in the midst of a glowing description of the greatest game he ever played in. Alas for Sam! He allowed his feelings to get the best of his judgment and his allusions to "dealer" "full hand" etc. were so numerous as to arouse the professor's ire. Taking his feet off of the counter and bringing his chair to the floor with a thump Professor J——— demanded to know where Sam got his authority to apply such terms to a base ball game. He went on to say that he believed that Sam had never been away from a card table long enough at a time to see a base ball game much less to play in one and furthermore he was tired of listening to such rot as he had heard that night. He had participated in a real game of base ball which had all their imaginary games beat to a frazzle. After taking a final dig at the unlucky gambler he began:

"This game took place while I was in attendance at the Montana State Normal College in Dillon. A mighty fine town by the way with some mighty fine people in it. The rivalry between the students of the County High School and those of the M. S. N. C. was exceedingly keen so that when on one day in the early part of May 1908 the boys of the Normal received a challenge to play the base ball team of the High School it was eargely accepted.

But no sooner had we accepted the challenge than we began to have grave doubts. A very serious problem presented itself. Although one hundred ninety students were in attendance at the Normal we could muster only six boys. A sad condition indeed, for we needed nine men to form a team. We discussed the matter pro and con offering various solutions such as putting in some of the girl students for whose ability to throw straight more than one of th e boys could vouch. All suggestions came to naught however until one of us had a happy thought and brought up the possibilities that presented themselves in the male members of the faculty. Our problem was almost solved. We first obtained the consent of the High School boys to allow us to put three members of the faculty on our team and the rest was easy. Professors Mosher. Robbins, and Shoudy were more than willing to play.

We organized our team in quick time put in two or three weeks of more or less half-hearted practice and on May 29 1908, we deemed ourselves fit for the fray. The day was about as good

as one ever sees for base ball, and large delegations of rooters representing both schools were on hand to witness the game. The orange and black was in preponderance in the grandstand, and Normal yells and songs seemed to quite blot out the feeble attempts of the High School crowd.

At about four o'clock the game began. And such a game as it was I believe can only occur once in one's life time. The High School boys went to the bat first, but on account of the excellent pitching of Professor Shoudy, they were unable to score. Our turn came next, and when the inning was over, we had two runs chalked up to our credit. How we got them I do not know, for the ball kept going around the field so fast that I lost all track of it and took the word of the umpire as to its whereabouts. In the second inning the High School tied the score. From this time on, the whole game was a comedy of errors. One old fellow said, "It was better nor a circus." I could not begin to tell all the incidents of the game, as that would take too long, and anyway the Rev. Dr. Jones would not take it very well if we were to encroach upon the Sabbath, so as it is nearly eleven o'clock now, a few will have to suffice.

In the sixth inning, Joe Carroll got his base on balls. He was advanced to second by a sacrifice hit made by Theodore Shoudy. I came next to the bat, and to the great astonishment of myself and the onlookers, hit the first ball pitched, square on the nose, and it went sailing out over third base. It was a good three-base hit. I dropped the bat, and with elephant-like strides started around the bases. When I arrived at second base, I encountered Joe, who appeared to be gazing intently upward. He was lost in a deep revery. I started to gaze, too. We both came back to earth in a few minutes and proceeded to have a pink tea right there on second base. We commented on the weather, speculated on the possibilities of rain, the excellent growth of crops, etc, and were having a real sociable time, until we were rudely disturbed by the High School short-stop, who brought up the base ball in a platter and Joe was called out. Fortunately I was standing on second base at the time. The captain of our team has since claimed that our good comradeship lost us the game.

But if unfortunate misunderstanding of the rules of the game caused a momentary loss of faith in the Normal team, our one and only star, Theodore Shoudy, soon re-established that faith. It was the last of the seventh inning; two men were on bases, two were out, and we needed two runs to tie the score. Theodore walked to the plate with fire in his eye, and whack! he hit the second ball pitched a tremendous wallop, and it went sailing off into space, the center fielder chasing madly after it. It looked like a home-run. Theodore started round the bases at a lively clip and all felt

sure that he would make the circuit. But, alas! he was a rather robust man, had not been in training for some time, and as a result lost his power to breathe when between second and third. The center fielder had almost reached the ball; slower and slower became the gait of Theodore; Normal sympathizers urged the perspiring runner on, and noble was his response, but he seemed unable to pick up his lost speed. It was a most nerve racking moment. I felt myself straining every nerve and muscle, helping Theodore along. He passed the third base; the center fielder got the ball and threw it, true as a die, into the hands of the second baseman. A groan arose from the Normal girls as the ball was thrown towards the home plate. It seemed to be going straight into the catcher's mit and Theodore was still a few feet away from home. Our hopes were at lowest ebb, our runner must surely be put out. But no! See! The catcher had missed the ball! And as is rolled leisurely toward the grand stand, Theodore came puffing across the plate and the home-run was a reality. Pandemonium reigned, for had not fortune favored us? Was it not fair to assume that the game was ours?

Alas for all our hopes! The ninth inning was fraught with disaster to us, and when the series of acrobatic stunts performed by both sides were over, we found that we were beaten by a score of 18 to 16. Nevertheless, our hearts were made happy by the loyal support of the Normal girls and we did not regret having played the game.

"I must not neglect to say, in conclusion, that in the severe strain of helping Theodore get from third base to home plate, I dislocated three ribs, but did not know until the next day. So you can imagine how intense the game was."

Ominous sounds were coming from the vicinity of "Three Fingered Sam," and a clash of arms seemed imminent. At this moment Mr. Brown appeared upon the scene and suggested that it was closing up time. So we all filed out into the night, thinking that the M. S. N. C. was not such a dull old place after all.

.09 CLASS.

MISS HARRIET DUNNING, E. R. MOSHER.

ESTHER POWERS, MARY MCMANUS, EMMA JOHNSON, ELEANOR SCHMIDT
ANNA LARSON, BESSIE STORY.

'11 CLASS.

MISS HARRIET DUNNING, E. R. MOSHER.

GERTRUDE REARDON, FRANCES STEBBINS, GERTRUDE SLOCUM,
KATHERINE LYDEN, NANCY RENWICK, NELLIE PENDERGAST.

'10 CLASS.

PROF. MOSHER.

MARIE LAMONT, HARRIET DUNNING, MARIE ALBRECHT,
JESSIE POINDEXTER, MARY GORMAN, HAZEL DUNCAN, ORPHA ONEAL.

'12 CLASS.

PROF. MOSHER.

MAUD WALSH, GRACE CLEVELAND, ELLA PETERSON, LENA TINTINGER,
MABEL CALDWELL,
DOROTHY ROBERTS, HARRIET DUNNING.

Basket Ball.

With the addition of a gymnasium to our college equipment, physical culture to our college course, and a physical training director to our college faculty, basket ball has again come into its own. Several years ago the college supported a school team and played several outside games, but this year, each class has two teams and several substitutes, giving about fifty-five girls the benefit of the game. Although there have been no games with other schools, enthusiasm and class spirit are not lacking. The students stand along the side lines cheering on the players, yelling, commenting, and applauding plays, no matter what the class or team.

Miss Dunning and Prof. Mosher have had charge of the training and every evening from five to six o'clock has found them in the gym showing with almost infinite patience, how balls ought and ought not to be caught and thrown, and refereeing the practice games.

The rules followed are modified boys' rules, giving more chance for activity than the girls' rules, for there is no danger of a player fouling by getting too zealous and letting her toe slip across a chalk line.

Before the Christmas holidays, the two teams of each class practiced against each other; but in January some interesting and exciting practice contests were held between the first and second teams of the different classes. The aim and goal of all the practice is the inter-class tournament to be held in March. In preparation for this, a pennant about three feet across at the base and bearing the inscription "Basket Ball Champions" has been hung in the library. The prize which will be warmly contested for, is the privilege of hanging the class banner beside the one in the library. The individual victors will receive small pennants, copies of the large one.

INTRODUCTION.

Normal Land was a small province in the wild, mountainous district of Dillonia. When prosperity was at its height and Normal Land was enjoying its Golden Age, King Hank, with an iron hand guided his ship of state past its Scylla and Charybdis. But never was a king more considerate of his subjects. Once a year he called his subjects from their labor in the fields of knowledge to a day of revelry in the mountains. The only account of this recapitulatory custom that has been handed down seems to be of the revelry held as early as 1908, A. D. Jake Speare, recognizing the luxuriance of material in this beautiful and beneficial custom, has given to the world its greatest modern tragedy, **King Hank I.**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Hank, King of Normal Land.
Queen Myramena, Queen of Normal Land.
Crown Prince, Joseph Ward.
Sir Bobby, Master of Ceremonies.
Baron von Harvard.
Baroness von Harvard.
Lady Florence, daughter of Baron von Harvard.
X-Ray, an archer.
Countess Harriet de Bosse, Mistress of the Banquet.
Duchess de Paine, Pink Pill Despatcher.
Catalinar, the court jester.
Sir Grinds

Suds, a follower of Sir Grinds
Pieface, a follower of Sir Grinds
Steward
Followers of the king
Followers of Sir Grinds

ACT I

SCENE I. **King Hank's Court, filled with revelers. Enter King Hank and nobility.**

SIR BOBBY Once again I come before this majestic throng
To tell you that the time for merry making is at hand
Let each and all cast books and labor to the winds
And revel in the joys of nature land
And if, perchance, there be among you
Those who each day find in books more than nature can supply,
Let them stuff their brains and then "go hang"
KING HANK. Hence! Away my faithful followers
And make you ready for the morrow's revelry.
FOLLOWERS. Long live our noble kindg!
(Exit king and followers.
SIR GRINDS, (scornfully to his followers)
Noble King! Ha, ha. Noble King!
List ye not what he proposes;
One whole day in idle revelry!
FIRST FOLLOWER. Well said, my lord.
SUDS. True, true. The laundry holds more charms for me.
SECOND FOLLOWER. Nor have I gold to cast away.
PIEFACE. Ay! Ay! my friend. Had I the wealth of Midas,
Yet never a penny for such idle sport.
I'd rather to the Bakery betake me.
THIRD FOLLOWER. I have no time to revel in the delights of nature.
My duty is to cram.
GRINDS. Yea, come, let us to our books.

SCENE II. **A hall in the palace of Normal Land Enter Suds with laundry bag, wash board, a bar of soap, a box of starch, a bottle of bluing.**

SUDS. What joy! Four tubs, two boilers, and a whole stove all to myself.

Enter PIEFACE.

SUDS. What? Not off to the mountains!
PIEFACE. No, never. Me to the Bakery.

Enter GRINDS.

GRINDS. Ho! my faithful followers.

Already see I the fruits of our evening's plot.

PIEFACE. What mean you, my noble lord?

SUDS. Hush! Heard ye not our plot?
This is the last day of King Hank's rule
Tomorrow begins the reign of King Grinds.

GRINDS. My followers being disgusted with the folly of this court.
Have sworn this day in King Hank's absence
To establish here a higher kingdom
Based on bookishness.

Enter Jester.

CATALINAR To day I work
While others shirk
I'll carry pills
For others' ills ——

GRINDS. Now pack, my friends, and skin to your rooms.
It'll take more than pills to cure their ills.

(Exit Grinds, Suds, Pieface.

CATALINAR. A fool am I, a fool am I
But round here shall I lie
Until a little more I spy
Upon those grinds so sly.

ACT II.

SCENE. **Hay racks, coaches, carryalls, and a grub wagon drew up before the king's palace.**

Enter nobility and a crowd of merry makers.

SIR BOBBY. Now my noble lady, Countess Harrie de Bosse,
Will you lend your gracious presence to the art of packing lunch
While I'm about my duty of seating these kind folk?

COUNTESS H. DE B. Come forth, my footmen and pages fair,
Pile in the bread and the beans.
Here is a place for the coffee and cream
And here for the brown bread and beans.

SIR BOBBY. Every one happy and ready to start?

ALL. Yea, yea. Let's be off.

SIR BOBBY. Get up to the horses, let's be on our way
For this is the grandest kind of a day.

(All start.)

All shout.)

O here we go, O here we go
Just watch us riding on our way.
We'll take our troubles, O no, no, no.
They'll never catch us to day.

(After the others have started King H
a carriage drawn by a single prancing steed.)

MERRYMAKER (in front carriage).

Behold 'tis well to see the grub so near
Guard well thy care, O charioteer.

SECOND MERRYMAKER. Yes, and right behind are two hay racks..

Followed by four private cars.
And still another rig I see
Filled with our nobility.
Yet far behind the king I see.
His steed played out. It cannot be!

THIRD MERRYMAKER (to those in next hay rack):

Ho, ho, my partners,
Draw up close, and let us have a song.
You people in the other rigs,
Just pass the word along.

SIR BOB. All right, my friends, what shall it be?

All sing. (Snatches heard.)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
We're here because we're here
Because he're here, because we're here.

(Tune—"Holy City.")

Dillonia, Dillonia,
Wait for us till we come back.
We're on our way to spend the day
Far from our books and work.

(Tune—"Yankee Doodle.")

Normalites went to Green's Knoll
In some rigs and hay racks;
They ate up all the beans in sight
And emptied all the grub sacks.
And emp e l th gru sac s
We'll all go over the mountains
We'll all go over the mountains
We'll all go over the mountains
To see what we can see, etc.

(Arrive at Green's Knoll.)

SCENE II.

SIR BOB. This is the place we propose to camp.
Everyone alight and we'll prepare our lunch.
Off, gather wood for the fire.

Countess H. de B. Bring forth the dishes and eatab'es.

X-Ray Sir Archer, you'll make the coffee.

(Arrival of von Harvards and Duchess de Paines.)

Sir Bob. Welcome, Baron and Baroness and Duchess de Paines.

And ah, ´a r Lady F orence,
Welcome to our merry throng.
But where eft you our noble king?

Von Har. His pranc ng steed is like unto me
Unused to the mounta ns.
His breath comes, too, in little pants
While up the hil h c mbs.

Enter Crown Prince walking.

Duchess de P. Why deignest thou, O noble prince, to walk like common folk.
And where, I pray are King Hank and his fair queen?

Joseph Ward. (unconcerned and droll.)
Oh, they're down the mountain side
Reviving the worn steed,
While as a messenger I come to seek another carriage
To fetch the queen, my mother.
The king prefers to stay by the side of his old steed.

Duchess de P. Is the jester with them?
He has with him my box of pink pills
And if the horse is much in need
He might of them partake.

Jos. Ward. Nay, dear Duchess, the jester is not with us.
We thought, perchance, by some mistake
He had another carriage entered.

(Exit Jos. Ward.

Countess de B. I see the archer has the coffee steaming,
So now fair maids prepare to pass the lunch.

Sir Bob. Now seat yourselves, my noble friends,
While the maids pass the baskets.

Von Har. Yes, my point of view, precisely, be seated, be seated.
Come Mamma Dear, Baby Dear.
Let us be seated beneath this spreading pine.

Countess H. de B. (in a flurry and with commanding voice).
Come, maidens, open the beans!
Butter the brown bread! Slice the ham!
Start around the sandwiches!
Pour forth the steaming coffee!
And pass the sugar and cream!
Then take a turn with the pickles,

And do not forget the salad!
Wind up with cake and the preserves!
And then toss around the fruit!

Scene III.

Sir Catalinar, (On his way to King Hank's picnic on his bicycle.)

Away, away, ere the dark and desperate
Followers of bloody Baron Grinds
Carry out their dark designs.
On, on, Jeminar, my noble tireless steed.
Spurn with thy rubber winged tires
The sands of Blacktail valley.
Ha, the towers of the city meet mine eye!
But yet there's time! The plotters all shall die.

Scene IV.

Merrymakers scatter to the mountains. X=Ray, the archer and Countess H. de B., Sir Bobby, and a few other nobility take to hills, X=Ray carrying a bow with 22 bullet arrows.

Baroness von Harvard. Come Lady Florence, take your darling paddies from the water.

Lady F. Oh, but, Mamma Dear, I am looking for a pretty little snake.

They told me I could find one here.

Von Harvard. But, Baby, we are going up the mountains now.

But you and the Baroness must be careful
Lest the mountains you too zealously do climb.

X-Ray. Come Countess Harriet,
Do an arrow from my bow let fly.

(Countess H. de B. aims at a pine needle, shoots and misses it, shoots again and hits it in the same place.)

Countess H. de B Ah, Sir Bobby, try your luck
I fear dame fortune has forsaken me

(Sir Bobby and then several others try their luck with like success.)

ACT III

Scene I.

All the merrymakers return from the mountains with re=newed appetites. Supper is served amid much laughter and jolly conversation.

Enter jester coming from the mountains opposite to the road from the castle trailing bicycle.

CATALINAR. Jingle bells, jingle bells
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to come
On a bicycle all the way!
DUCHESS DE P. Why this delay with all my pills?
Already a horse has near died of his ills.
CATALINAR. All ills are not cured by pills,
Nor are all pills for all ills.
I know of an ill
That a pill cannot kill.
So come, I beseech you,
Come hurry this night
Ere the plans of Sir Grinds
Land us all in a plight.
SIR BOBBY. Perchance the fool he speaketh truth.
So let us hasten.

(Exit all)

SCENE II.

In front of palace. Fifteen figures hanging on the portico. Carriages approaching in the gloom.

KING. Advance cautiously, my friends
Until the meaning of this message we comprehend.
SIR BOBBY. Behold! I see a row of figures standing stiffly on the portico.
X-RAY. Let me take the lead
With my eye so true,
And I will protect all of you.
DUCHESS DE P. O my pills! my pills!
There's something wrong.
X-RAY, (after advancing cautiously to the palace.) Come on, come on,
No danger here, but a mystery to be solved.
(All advance in haste towards portico.)
KING. O my people! my people!
What has happened in our absence?
I see fifteen of our men hanging here cold and stiff!

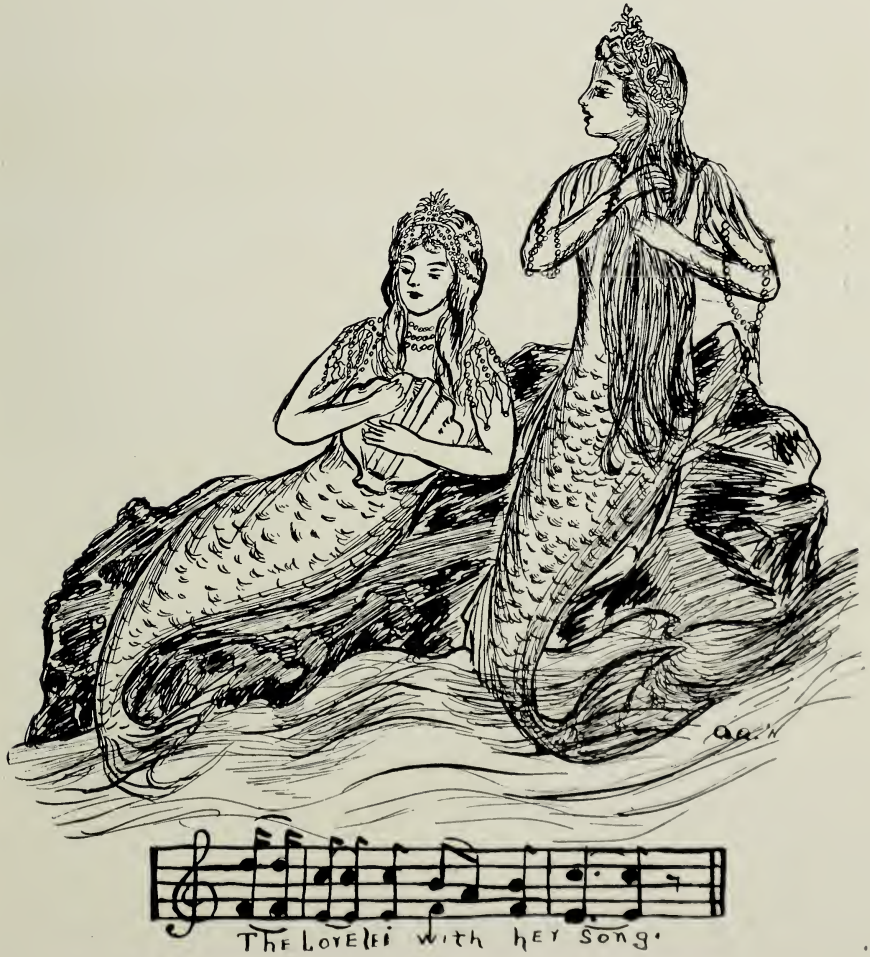
Master of Ceremonies advances through line of corpses and meets steward at the entry .

STEWARD. Be not alarmed, my noble sir.
'Tis better as it is.
For all day long Sir Grinds has sought
The ruin of King Hank
In order to establish a kingdom of book worms

But before their plans had culminated
They found that the fool the truth had spoken;
And fearing the just wrath of King Hank's followers
They thought 'twere better to follow your edict
Than to accept King Hank's just punishment.

GHOSTS. (Sing.)

We're hanged because Bob told us to,
We're hanged because he did.
We' dead because Bob told us to,
We're dead because he did.

MUSIC

Music.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.

Junior Music.

There has never been a time when the need for teachers competent to teach the essentials in music has been so keenly felt as at the present. The aim of the course in Junior music is to train our students so that they may be competent to teach the language of music, its sounds and symbols for reading, to develop the emotional sense, and awaken an aesthetic appreciation of good music.

Miss Grace Graeter, the instructor is a graduate of Cincinnati's Conservatory of Music. As Miss Graeter is director of music in the practice school, her knowledge of the theory of public school music is effectively supplemented by experience.

The class in Junoir music meets three times a week, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, for forty weeks. All the students who have enrolled in the Junior music course this year have derived great practical benefit from it. Throughout the course much attention has been given to reading music, and the training necessary to teach the essentials in music to children in the grades. Miss Graeter has given complete outlines covering the work taught in the grades; and each part has been carefully worked over so that every student, as far as possible has become familiar with the parts essential to a thorough knowledge of the elements of music. The books used in this class are Eleanor Smith's "Modern Music Series." During the course the Primer, First, Second, and Third books in the series are covered, also some work in High School music.

At the beginning of the year a special class was organized, to meet once a week, for those who have either never studied music in any form, or know very little about the subject. Instruction was given in the elements of music together with written exercises.

During the year the Seniors have been given the opportunity to apply their knowledge gained thru Junior music by teaching classes in music at the public school, thus fitting them to be competent teachers of public school music.

'09's Farewell to '08.

(Tune, "Old Black Joe.")

I.

Gone are the days
When the Seniors with us roamed;
Gone are the Seniors
From their Normal College home;
Gone forth to serve
In a noble work we know;
We hear your voices calling
"Juniors, we must go."

CHORUS.

Fare ye well, fare ye well,
For the time is now at hand
When into life's great battle you go.
Fare ye well.

II

We must not weep,
No matter how we miss you now;
We must not sigh,
Tho you're not with us in the Fall;
For now to enter
Your life's great work you go;
We hear your voices calling
"Juniors we must go."

CHORUS.

III

You once were Freshmen
So happy and care free;
Then as the Juniors
Were busy as could be;
Now as you finish
And with honor you do go
We hear your voices calling
"Juniors, we must go."

'09's Opinion of '08.

(Tune "Cheer Up Mary")

There's a Senior Class
If you chance to pass
Stop and gaze at them a while;
For they're queer and rude
And their ways are crude
They are years behind in style
And they're all half dead
And they're over fed
For they carry lunch to bed
What a lazy class!
Every single lass
Is to breakfast always late!

CHORUS.

Cheer up Seniors don't be crying crying
For a mansion in the sky
You look better when you're traveling travelin
To the sweet, sweet bye and bye
Wedding bells will ne'er be ringing, ringing
For the Senior maids sedate
Seniors dear we all fear
That you'll never meet your fate

II

When they come to meals
Everybody feels
Ashamed of the Senior class;
Rosa's shoes not laced
Maude's face not washed
Clara's hair not pinned on fast;
And to see Hannah Bro
Stumbling down so slow
Makes us think she's of the past;
And Hazel too
Has much ado
To get there even last.

CHORUS.

III

Such a noisy crowd
Always shrieking loud

Were e Seniors all last year;
They would hum along
In no special song
'Till we'd have to stop our ears;
Then they'd sing some more
As they walked the floor
Trying hard to drown their fears
From a Freshie's hunch
'Bout the Junior bunch;
Oh we've scared them into tears.

CHORUS.

IV

They've some heavenly girls
Who wear frivolous curls
And angelic smiles galore;
And the reason why
We'll know bye and bye
When the bachelors are no more
May the saintly ones
Who for preacher's sons
Hunt the wide wide world all o'er
Find just recompense
For their lack of sense
When they reach the heavenly shore.

CHORUS.

V

They're the slowest yet;
They sit 'round and fret
And a joke they cannot see;
They can find no fun
In a witty pun;
They'll ask "Is it you or me?"
They call funny facts
Dead honest facts
In childish simplicity;
And it won't be long
When they hear this song
'Till they'll say "What does it mean?"

Our Seniors.

(Tune, "Hiawatha.")

I

Oh, the Fowler was a Laird
Who lived far away
In a dry and dusty Land(t).
He had a young Ward named Eve,
Who had Hazel eyes so grand.
And the Fowler went to Hunt(er) for a
Griffin which lived
Near a big and Stone(y)cliffe,
And he wished Eve to come
And of the forest have a whiff.

CHORUS.

She said "I cannot leave my Adam's side.
He surely is Devine
And so I must decline
I may be his Senior by a year
But he's a dear
I will abide."

II

Oh the Maynard was a Collier
The Bronson of a Torrey(son)
And he went to woo a maid
Said he "It must be Eleanor Helen
That I shall surely wed
Else the beauteous Marcilli like a lily
For whom I'd Sel(a)way "
But the Roses and the Ferns in the Bower
Kept the maidens there.

CHORUS.

Will 'erd him say "I say
I'll marry Peg
I love her true
Indeed I do
Or else from Heeb(e) a lover brave
A Myrtle crown
And wreath will beg "

Junior Songs.

WHAT WE'LL DO WHEN WE'RE SENIORS.

(Tune "Won't You Waltz Home, Sweet Home With Me?")

Oh when we are Seniors now listen
We'll tell you just what we will do.
When we sit at seven and nine,
We'll sit there the whole meal thru;
We'll show you we all have some manners,
And we'll not leave the table to stroll;
And we'll keep Seniors floors just as quiet as can be
When we're on the Senior roll.

CHORUS

Oh won't we be just model Seniors in '09?
To please our dear loved teachers
We will do our lessons fine,
Of course we shall all miss you,
All your airs and squelches too.
So once in a while we'll make some noise
For old time's sake.

II

Now listen about our lessons.
Mr Clapp with his History of Ed;
Prof Robbins with high falutin' methods;
And it's obvious we'll all take school law;
Mr Shoudy will teach us to model
Famous statues to last thru all time;
And Miss Hopper will teach us some cute little songs,
About little birdie's nests.

III

The doors of Sorority we'll open,
We'll scatter the microbes wide;
We'll not be afraid of the Juniors,
Nor squelch little Freshmen flat;
Our Annual will sure be a wonder;
And our college will be proud to own
Such a class of brilliant young teachers as we,
Of the class of Naughty Nine.

The Egyptian Princess.

The Senior Class of '08 with Professor Riedelsberger as Musical Director, Miss Thormeyer as Stage Director, and Miss Graeter as Pianist, gave an operetta, "The Egyptian Princess" May 2, 1908, for the purpose of raising money for their annual.

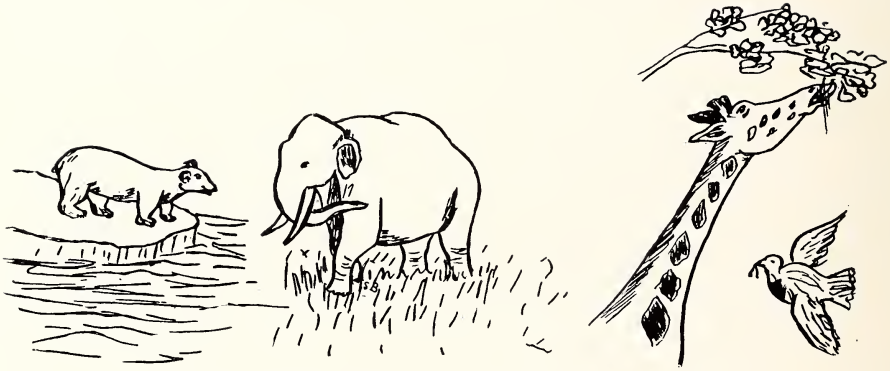
The Egyptian maidens, busily engaged in embroidering banners for the festival held in honor of the returning king and his victorious army, sing several choruses and effectively introduced Alva, an Irish Princess, who as a slave attended the king's only daughter Aida Tabula, the sister of the Queen, who was always too late for everything gave in the second act opportunity for practical jokes and much fun Among the prisoners sent on in advance of the king of Egypt, was a captive queen of barbaric splendor, Grania. She recognized in Alva her lost sister. At the last in honor of the king's return and the betrothal of his daughter Aida the queen restored Grania and Alva to liberty.

Many love music but for music's sake,
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast half-dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.

JOKES AND SMILES

The Freshman Zoo.

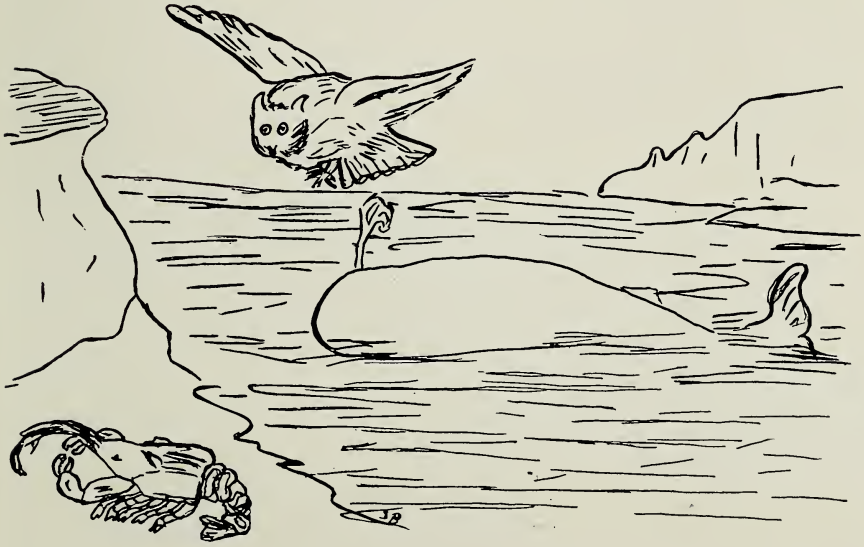
We went to the Freshman Zoo;
And you should have been there, too;
For the noises we heard were simply absurd
From those animals ranging from beast to bird.



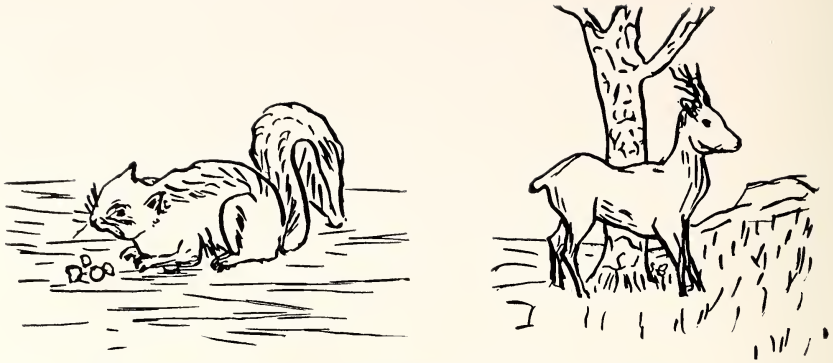
The old white bear, McCarthy there,
Did at the wee-wee Ella-phant stare;
And the Maxwell giraffe with a neck like a staff
At Margaret, the dove, was trying to laugh.

"What's that," said my friend, as we turned the bend.
"'Tis the screech of a peacock Devine;" and then
The parrott awoke and loudly spoke,
"Tis I, 'tis I, Miss Stebbins, the joke."

Then the hen and the cat began to spat,
'Twas Edith and Kate having a chat.
Up came the rooster all in a fluster
"'Twas Beulah who came to settle the bluster

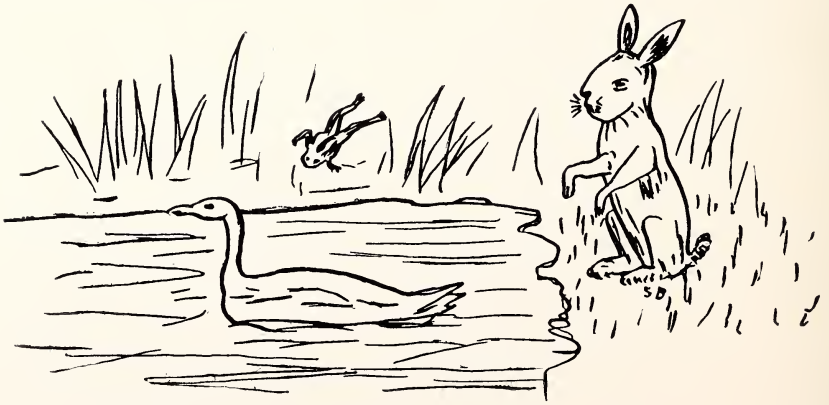


"Now let's go around where the lobster is found
Why! There's Pendergast all safe and sound!
The Oard owl looks pale at that Slocuming whale,
That splashes the water so high with its tail "



We came to some trees where a deer at its ease
Was watching a squirrel gather nuts in the breeze
When their faces they turned, much surprised we discerned
Twas Alberta and Gertie, looking so unconcerned

Quite near at hand was a turkey so grand,
Whom the Jones mouse thot ruled all the land,
In spite of the fact that not very far back
Came Annwillis, the camel, who in size did not lack



The Renwick goose in the zoo got loose
And much excitement did produce,
When the Constance frog jumped into the bog
And Alice, the rabbit, leaped over a log

We said not a word when the goat we Hurd,
For to his sly tricks our minds referred.
There to our right was the lamb, Lilly-white,
The last of the creatures to meet our sight.

We left the Freshman zoo,
And in a hurry, too.
It would be unfair
If we should compare
Other zoos with this Freshman lair.

Weep for All Our Seniors.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Mr. Monroe.....Joseph Carroll
Berna Schroeder.....Hazel Duncan
Marguerite Noeth.....Anna Johnson
Gertrude Nelligan.....Clara Kermode
Thomas Clapp.....Marguerite Mahony
Jacob Vogel.....Priscilla Renwick
Grace Johnson.....Edith Nutterville
Nellie Taylor.....Alice Conway
Edna Ketchum.....Minnie Templeton
Gertie Thompson.....Georgia Cullum
Esther Powers.....Gladys Winters

ACT I

Scene in Ghost Land

Enter Juniors, dressed as Seniors' ghosts, chanting, with bowed heads, a weird dirge, "Weep for all our Seniors." They march twice around hall singing.

(Exit)

ACT II.

Scene in President's office. Prof. Monroe seated at desk. Through open door Seniors are seen viewing bulletin board, on which list of conditions is posted. Talking loudly in angry excitement.

Enter Berna Schroeder and Marguerite Noeth.

BERNA SCHROEDER: "Mr. Monroe, what does this mean? There are conditions against my name in English VII and Public Speaking Club."

MARGUERITE NOETH: "And mine, too, Mr. Monroe. And you know we are the best talkers in the class."

MR. MONROE: "Er - er - I grant that, Miss Noeth, but the - er - records show that you - er - fell below grade in both those subjects."

Enter Miss Nelligan, carrying Monmals and Chinook: "Mr. Monroe, can it be possible I flunked in English VII? Look at my stories in the Monmals and my prize essay in the Chinook."

MR. MONROE: "Your stories are certainly fine, Miss Nelligan, and if you will leave the Monmals here, I will see Miss Carson about your grades."

(Exit Miss Nelligan.)

Enter MR. CLAPP: "I want to know the meaning of this condition in Algebra III.? Mr. Mosher told me I got A'..'

(Exit shouting, "I won't stand for this.")

Enter GRACE JOHNSON, lazily, swinging fan: "I see I am conditioned in the Chinook Play, and I know I am star player. I'll see Miss Dunning about that, but first I'll go home and take a nap."

MR. MONROE: "Well - er - er - I guess you had better see Miss Dunning."

Re-enter MR. CLAPP, carrying class-book and magnifying glass: "See that 'A?' Do you see it? Do you see that 'A?'..'

MR. MONROE: "Well, that is satisfactory evidence, Mr. Clapp. I'll credit you with that mark."

MISS TAYLOR, in very meek voice: "Did I fail in Junior Music, Mr. Monroe?"

MR. MONROE: "Well, I'm - er - er - sorry, Miss Taylor, but Miss Graeter said your voice was too harsh, and you will have to take music another year."

Enter MR. VOGEL: "Professor, I—I—I—I—I thought—I thought I got thru astronomy, but I see -er - see - er - see on the bulletin board I failed."

MR. MONROE: "I'm very sorry, Mr. Vogel, but you did."

MR. VOGEL: "I don't see how that happened, for star-gazing

is my favorite occupation."

CHORUS: "Star-gazing! Ask Edna! Ask Edna!"

(Exit Vogel in confusion.)

Enter EDNA KETCHUM: "I think there has been some mistake, Mr. Monroe. I don't really think I failed in Algebra II."

MR. MONROE: "I shall consult the records, Miss Ketchum."

Consults records.

"Well, you didn't make your grade in that, Miss Ketchum, but you may join the extra class which meets at noon."

Miss Ketchum goes out and joins group in hall.

Enter ESTHER POWERS: "Mr. Monroe, can it be true that I failed in Public Speaking Club? Everyone knows I am a good talker."

MR. MONROE: "But your voice is too weak. You don't exercise it enough."

ESTHER POWERS: Why, Mr. Monroe, I talk all the time."

MR. MONROE: "I think you had better take elocution. You will not need to take the English work."

ESTHER POWERS: "I'll talk her arm off, if it is necessary."

Meanwhile the Seniors have collected in the hall, and some ar sobbing.

P. R. '10.

Elementary Ebullitions.

You may say the Preps are easy;
  You may say the Preps are slow;
But when you come in thirsty,
  To our "Brewer" you may go.

When in despair for furniture
  Destroyed by Normals in their sports,
Rely upon the Prep class
  For a "Couch" and "Davenport."

Talk obout your President Cleveland,
  In the year of ninety-three;
But he can't quite come up to
Our Cleveland of M. S. N. C.

When on praires you are wandering,
  And for trees you long and pine,
Come back to dear old Normal,
  To our "Forrest" of '09.

If when you are going home,
It is still too cold for hats,
Again call upon the Preps,
For they can furnish you with "Capps."

Down the shore of life they wandered,
With no place to cross the stream;
Till at last they met the Prep class.
Then a "Ford" was clearly seen.

Freshies are up and coming,
And would like to hand us ice;
But the Preps are here to tell you
That they have the good old "Price."

Faculty Funnygraphs.

Our prexy—Swain—is statuesque and stately,
You couldn't guess his length of head, be apt to miss it greatly.
A power in the office—beneficent his reign,
Monumental, influential,
Our prexy—Swain.

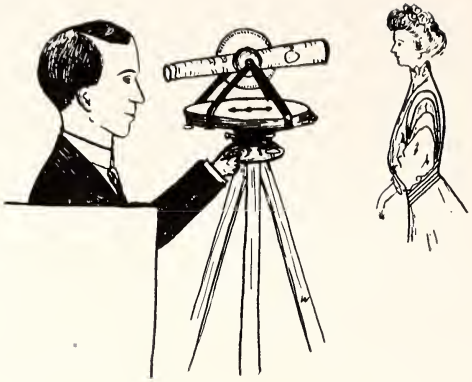
HIS ASTRONOMY CLASS

J. E. Monroe can melt a heart of stone.
You can figure if he calls you down the blame is yours alone.
Unlimited in facts; patient with the slow;
Beneficent, magnificent,
Dignified Monroe.

Jolly Bob Clark has jokes by the cord,
He can fabricate, elucidate, use many a funny word;
With pun and josh and sleight of hand he puts you in the dark,
Till you realize who's lecturing—
Jolly Bob Clark.

T. S. Shoudy with hammer, saw, and plane
Can turn out manual training freaks
Who work with might and main.
He taught them in raffia, in reeds and all the rest.
But they all became skilled workers,
Thanks to steady T. S.

G. N. Fuller gives us reference till we're sore.
In his classes you read histories by the dozen, peck and score.
He wanders off in pastures new, then brings you back again
Makes the driest junk seem juicy
Does keen G. N.



E. R. Mosher is handy with a transit,
To lay out lots of work for us, he surely understands it.
He juggles sines and quadrants with the greatest of composure,
Dignified and solemn,
Deep Prof. Mosher.

Charlie L. Robbins, our practice regulator,
Stands high in our regard—our love for him is Graeter.
Since he built a model tennis court we truely wish him well
Urbane, obliging, strenuous,
Smiling C. L.

Faculty Women.

There's one who makes us square up to every situation
The lazy, careless, conscienceless with her have tribulation.
We practice teachers like her, yes, we'd worship if she'd let us;
Inspirer, friend, and counselor,
That's Miss Bettes.

Language, reviews, and other English junk
Keep some of us awake or makes us dream we'll flunk.
Red ink, themes, drills, and rigid criticisms;
But what we like her best for are
Carson's witticisms.

"Sprechen sie das Deutch?" "Ein klein wenig, yes."
"'Sie sollten weiter lernen, Gehen zu L. M. Kress.
In eandam sententiam, take some Latin conjugation,
And Vergil, Terence, Caesar, too
Extend your information.

At the tinkle of the pitcher everybody quiets down,
She never thinks of scolding she doesn't even frown.
But her calm gentle forceful ways might quiet winter storms.
She takes the place of mother as
Matron of the Dorms.

Method, rhythm, melody, sharps, and two-four time,
The Juniors get it all with inspirations most sublime.
We like her songs, her way, her speech, most highly do we rate her;
But best of all we like her smile,
Popular Miss Graeter.

Harriet A. Dunning, our physical dictator,
Puts poetry in motions: 'tis well to emulate her.
Clubs, bars, bells, games, and basket ball,
She trains in them hand running;
In theatricals and German steps;
Energetic Miss Dunning.

J. W. V. '09.

Senior's Soliloquy.

To flunk, or not to flunk, that is the question
Whether 'tis better in the beginning to drift,
And dream of all things foolish,
Or study the junk which professors pile on us,

And by so doing earn that, big reward,—
The goal of all bright Seniors—
Our sheep skins?
To strive — to win —
Ah, yes! and by winning hope to enter
That noble profession, whose purpose is
To teach the young idea how to shoot.
'Tis a means worthy of the end.
To teach — for awhile
For awhile — perchance forever! ay — there's the rub.
But in that realm of bliss who knows what Fate may do
To give us pause: and make us ask ourselves
Shall I say to him, "Yes," or "No?"

K. I. S. '09.

Meetings of the Normal Oratorical Association.

(Meetings held occasionally in the Parlors.)

Meeting called to order, the president in the chair, members of the house sitting on the floor and table, with some on the radiators..

Minutes of last meetings called for.

Miss Renwick reported the minutes to be 60 in number, and called for an hour's time to read them. Motion made to adopt the minutes unread. Carried. Report of committee on the constitution called for. Committee unable to take the floor, its coat tail being under a table leg. Report given from this position, the president deciding that the honorable member was on the floor already. Motion to lay the report on the table lost, it being decided that there was no room there.

Report of the committee on finance called for. Miss Larson, chairman, reported that the committee had considered every form of entertainment from a funeral to a grand opera, and recommended the following: a ten-cent show.

The Basket Ball Game.

While visiting at Normal Hall,
I witnessed a game of basket ball.
The Freshies and Preps were the contesting teams,
And the sidelines, too were there with the screams.
Exclamations, astonishing, came from the lips

Of the rooters for Freshies, and rooters for Preps.
They cared not for grammar, slung slangs by the score,
Gave advice by the wholesale, till Miss Dunning got sore.
Flushed, excited, and angry, she hotly exclaimed:
"No advice form the side lines! We're playing this game!"
The squelching was useless—
Like persons insane,
Unheeding and thoughtless, they burst out again:
"Freeze to it, kid!" "Sic 'em up!" "Get the ball!"
With these admonitions a Freshman did fall
Up again like a gamester —
Near the foul line she stood.
Put the ball in the basket,
And all shouted, "Good!"
The whistle was blown — the first half was o'er,
In favor of Freshies — two to one — stood the score.
"On line," said the umpire,
The team hopped to place,
Grim determination
Was seen on each face.
"Put it there, Fuzzy," was the prompting that came,
From the sprightly young Juniors who were not in the game.
Proud of the confidence of that class,
The capable captain made the pass
To her forward, so steady, so quick, and alert.
But the ball was caught by a Freshman pert.
Again from the side lines came the cry — loud and long:
"You walked with the ball — that's a foul — very wrong."
One little Prep from the foul line did aim,
———— tied was the game.

K. I. S. '09.

Class Jokes and Jingles.

The Preps have added the following proposition to geometry: Prove that if you lose our English teacher, you have a polygon.

Of all glad words of tongue or pen,
The gladdest are these: "I passed in Chem."

'Tis easy enough to look pleasant
When your mark is an A, or a B;
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When he is marked with a —C.

Prof. Clark: "Where do we find the least life — well, for instance, here in Montana?"

Voice from class: "Montana State Normal College."

THE NEXT STEP.

We have boiled the hydrant water;
  We have sterilized the milk;
We have strained the prowling microbe,
  Through the finest kind of silk;
We have bought and we have borrowed
  Every patent health device;
And at last Prof. Clarkie tells us
  That we have to boil the ice.

THREE STAGES.

ACT I.

Blithesome little Freshman,
  Working earnestly,
Every night and morning,
  That learned they may be

ACT II

Juniors bright and merry
  No thought yet of care,
Playing jokes on Seniors
  When they ever dare

ACT III.

Seniors — practice teaching,
  Troubles never cease.
They'll deserve the motto:—
  "May they rest in peace."

Mr. Robbins: "Now that's a system that would make a Dutchman happy."

Mr. Vogel: (preparing to make a note of it:) "What system did you say that was, Professor?"

Among the pitfalls in our way,
  The most of us walk blindly.
So Freshmen be wary—watch and pray;
  And judge the Preps most kindly.

Prof. Fuller: "The book is **in** the library, but **out**. Oh! I see."

(B)rackett seems to grate on Lela's nerves, but she does like a little Noyes.

Tell me not in joyous numbers,
Physics is all that it seems,
For it is the stuff that shatters
Many brilliant Seniors' dreams.

Miss Hazel Duncan sat on a pumpkin,
Not very far away;
Ed. Sully espied her, and sat down beside her,
And now they have named the day.

FACULTY FIGMENTS.

Mr. Robbins: "That's a joke, now. Laugh!"

Miss Bettes: "That is sufficient — you have made your point."

Mr. Clark: "Along these lines."

Mr. Shoudy: "Er - er - I think if I can get your attention for a few minutes."

Miss Dunning: "Head back! Chin in! Chest up!"

Miss Bishop: "Elocution, C—Neurology, C— Grammar, D."

Mr. Monroe: "This may not seem true, but you can prove it for yourselves in the laboratory."

Miss Graeter: "Be sure of your attack."

Mr. Mosher: "I know, from personal experience."

Mrs. Owsley: "Now, girls, this is a heart to heart talk, such as your own mother would give you."

Mr. Fuller: "The present is only the past rolled into a bunch."

Miss Carson: "Not being a prophetess, nor the daughter of a prophet, I shall not attempt to predict."

Mrs. Kress: Now it happened in this way."

ZONES FOUND AT M. S. N. C.

Torrid Zone — History Department.
Temperate Zone — English Department.
Frigid Zone — Mathematics Department.

Explanation of Zones.

Torrid Zone: That zone in which the windows are closed, doors closed, transoms closed, air heavy and stuffy; thermometer registers 98 degrees C.

Temperate Zone: That zone in which the windows are at the right elevation, transom partly open, doors usually closed; temperature about 68 degrees C.

Frigid Zone: That zone in which all the windows are opened, both transoms opened, a good cold draught blowing through the room; thermometer stands 0 degrees C.

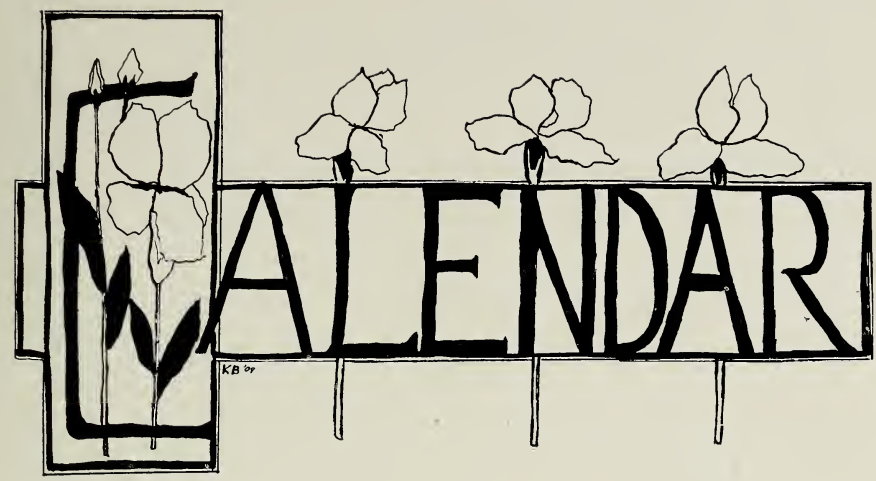
"Everybody works but the Seniors;
And they sit 'round all day,
Slamming the good old Juniors,
Who don't care a rap what they say.
Juniors get their lessons;
So do the Elements, too;
Everybody works but the Seniors;
But **maybe** they'll **scrape** through."

"Poor little Freshmen,
All in a pickle.
Done up in bunches,
Six for a nickle."

DRIFTING.

I was sitting at my table
Head a resting on my hands
And I thought I saw the ocean
Lapping gently on its sands.
I could hear unbroken murm'ring
I could hear the sea bird's cry
I could smell salt from the waters
I could feel the breeze go by.
There I saw smooth rounded pebbles
As well as shells of every hue;
But one was lined with sunset
Touched with sky's faint blue.
Then I reached to lift the beauty,
But I shrank, "Ah! was it sand?"
No worse. "A snake?" No, 'twas my text book,
I had caught up in my hand."

M. V. S. '10.



Deeds make life worth living
Especially at Normal Hall.
So that is why we record them
To be read by one and all.

If then when you read them over,
You fail their merit to see,
You must stop and reconsider
They were done at M. S. N. C.

FEBRUARY.

Just to call up in your mind
A few things in the college line.

We forget all else in the joy of our new skating rink.

1. Exams! Exams!! Exams!!! Refrain, Sinking Spells! Cramming!! 23!!!

2-3-4. The same, only several begin to think of other places.

7. Miss Hopper entertains at a card party.

9. '09 Chinook staff elected

14. The T. T. B's. give a jolly heart party for their friends among the Dillon young men.

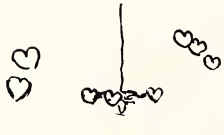
15. The Katzenjammers, dressed in weird and wonderful costumes, perform in the parlor for the interested onlookers.

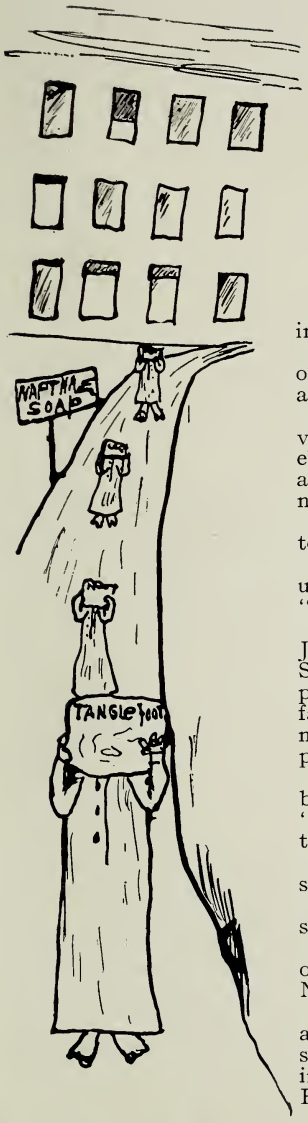
21. A crowd of girls partake of the good things from the well filled birthday box of A. Lucia Johnson.

Georgia Cullum, dressed as the Dean, gets caught in a transom and cries for help!

22. The old Dorm girls as quaint Martha Washington's entertain in the parlors. The girls discover a "recipe" for the cure of "love."

24. A gay crowd of Normalites skate and pop corn around the blazing fire.





MARCH.

Refreshments served daily in Botany Lab.

6. Oratorical Association organized with Bessie Ralston as President,

7. Professor Clarke gives a very interesting lecture on electricity. Fuse burns out, and the audience sit in darkness.

13. Myrtle Templeton entertains at a spread.

14. The New Assembly is used for the first time by the "Gamble Concert Company."

At one o'clock at night the Juniors presented each of the Seniors with a piece of fly paper. It is applied to their faces in order that they may not lose any of its catch on powers.

17. Tables 7 and 9 celebrate by wearing green "beaux" and by having extras for dinner.

19. Preps steal Freshie's shoes.

22. Rev. Edward Laird speaks at Y. W. C. A.

27. Walter Wellman talks on Air Ships and Land at the North Pole.

The Presbyterian choir girls are entertained at the "Passion Play," and end up by going to an ordered lunch at the Bakery.

28. Anna Hagen and Hannah Bro feed their friends.

29. Maud Griffin wears a stiff white collar.

APRIL.

1. Clara Goodrich gives a birthday dinner in the Metropolitan for several friends.

4. Tennis rage on again.

7-8. The "Pixie Play" for two nights.

8. Bozeman girls entertain M. A. C. Band boys.

9. M. A. C. Band boys give a Concert in the new assembly.

At evening when the stars are peeping and the front door locked, what are those dark objects gliding softly from all directions across the campus toward the door?

10. Easter vacation begins. Girls off for home.

Mr. Mosher leaves for Duluth.

11. Spring house cleaning at the Dorm.

16. The Argenta Cave "Go." The last team returns at 2:30 a. m.

17. Getting over the "Go." Several, especially Hannah Bro and Maud Bronson, require aid in mounting the stairs.

19. Return of students.

22. Prof. Riedelsberger and Miss Graeter give a concert.

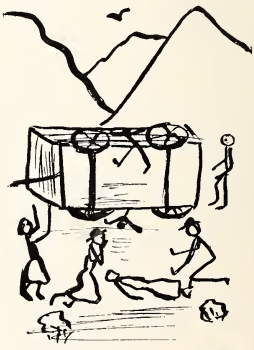
24. Leap year dance.

25. Oratorical contest at the Normal. Mr. Clapp wins first place and Mr. Carroll second place.

26. Edna Ketchum and Jacob Vogel go for their first ride.

28. Rope jumping a rage.

30. The orators, Messrs. Clapp, Carroll, and Miss Ketchum, accompanied by Prof. Clark, leave for Helena.



MAY.

1. "Egyptian Princess" given by the Seniors.

Mr. Clapp wins first honors at the State Oratorical contest.

3. Orators return.

4. Study hours begin at eight o'clock.

Automobile rides come in vogue.

10. M. Noeth and J. Orr part company.

22. The Sorority entertains the Faculty. The Juniors wish to advertise, so throw in a "Beer Sign."

23. The Seniors go to Lover's Leap on a picinc with Miss Hopper.

Eva Bower entertains several friends at a spread in honor of Miss Calfee of Bozeman.

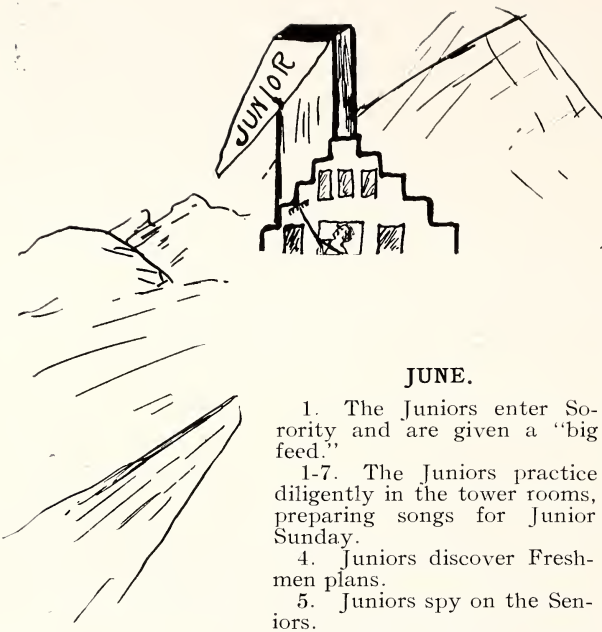
24. The "Monmal" staff, Miss Thormyer and Mr. Mosher go to Green's Canyon.

Messrs. Hall, Hansen, and Osborne take a jolly crowd to Argenta for a picnic.

29. The B. C. H. S. team beats the M. S. N. C. boys at Base Ball.

30. Miss Hopper entertains the Seniors at a spread.

Harriet Lee and Caroline Wells entertain at a spread.



JUNE.

1. The Juniors enter Sorority and are given a "big feed."

1-7. The Juniors practice diligently in the tower rooms, preparing songs for Junior Sunday.

4. Juniors discover Freshmen plans.

5. Juniors spy on the Seniors.

7. Junior Sunday. Juniors serenade some members of the Faculty.

Our banner proudly waves
In spite of dangers Barney braves.

12. Freshmen banquet for Seniors.

13. Pow-Wow. We smoke the pipe of peace and cancel all debts with the Seniors.

14. Senior Sunday.
Baccalaureate sermon.

15. The Junior Banquet given in the Gym.

16. Long dreaded exams begin.

17. Formal opening of the New Building. Refreshments served in the Gym.
Alumni reception for Seniors.

18. Class Play.

19. Graduation Day.
The quiet city of Dillon is left in peace until September.

SEPTEMBER.

The town again receives its crowd of Normalites.

1. Registration Day. Y. W. C. A. Reception. We must hereafter try to be dignified Seniors.

3. Mr. Clark calls on the Senior Johnsons.

5. The first meeting of Sorority.

6 The Seniors of '09 fulfill a promise by singing their farewell song to the Seniors '08.

10. Carnival. Many become young again and ride on the Merry Go Round.

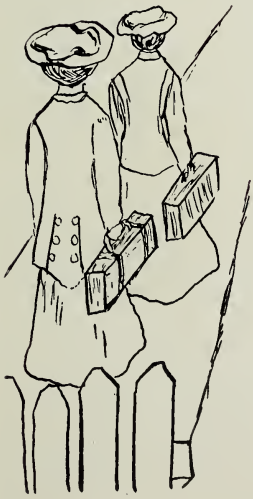
Gertrude Thompson walks home with a young man.

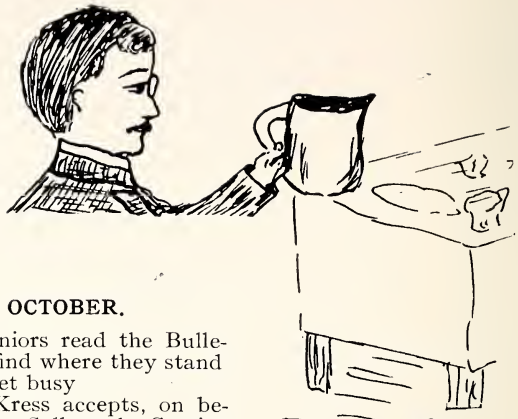
11. The County Fair. A half holiday and all Normalites get in free.

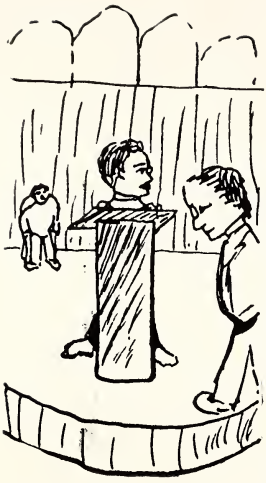
Several get sold by a walking cane peddler.

12. The Annual "Go." to Green's Canyon. Mr. Robbins hangs all who stay at home.

26. Mrs. Owsley, with the aid of Miss Dunning and the Senior Class, gives the annual reception for the Faculty and new students.







OCTOBER.

1. Seniors read the Bulletin and find where they stand We all get busy

Mrs. Kress accepts, on behalf of the College the Grecian frieze given by the class of '08.

2. Dr. Swain leaves for Europe.

3. Exams in Geography are over. Quite a relief.

5. Physical Torture begins for all.

7. Senator Tom Carter advises us to go to the Philippines, as there we can take up "Domestic Science" and get a handsome husband.

Mr. Clark acts as President.

12. Seniors grow several inches as Practice begins.

14. Anna Hagen and Gail Beuschlein get C in General Methods.

15. Tennis Tournament begins.

14-15-16. Y. W. C. A. Convention at Dillon.

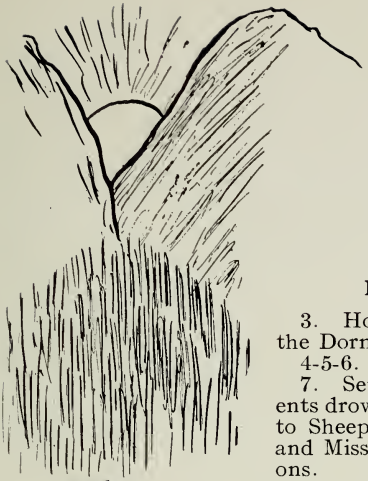
18. Mr. Mosher and Mr. Clark treat Anna Hagen's table to "Duck Dinner."

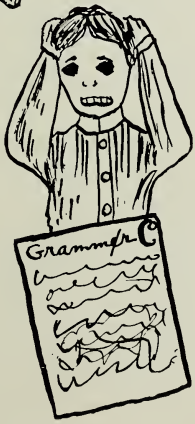
24. Ditto Miss Dunning's table.

30. The Juniors try for two days to steal the Seniors' clothes. Two are laid out with hysterics.

The Tennis Tournament prize, a silk umbrella offered by Mr. Stamm, is awarded to Bessie Storey.

31. All kinds of ghosts, goblins, and brownies are seen at the Dormitory Hallow'een party.





NOVEMBER.

3. Holiday. Election at the Dorm.

4-5-6. Grammar exams.

7. Seven Grammar students drown their grief by going to Sheep Canyon. Mr. Clark and Miss Bettes go as chaperons.

10. Anna Larson as President of the Tennis Association presents the silk umbrella to Bessie Storey in General Ex.

Clay modeling and Senior Manual Training begin.

16. Seniors begin to practice for the "Chinook Play."

19. Mrs. Owsley goes to Butte and Whitehall for a short vacation.

The deadly verdict, "No vacation Friday after Thanksgiving."

A petition goes abroad, but "availeth nothing."

11. The fall initiation into Sorority.

Mr. Vogel and 'Dynamite' dike up a skating rink.

22. Many girls attend a strange and unheard of church.

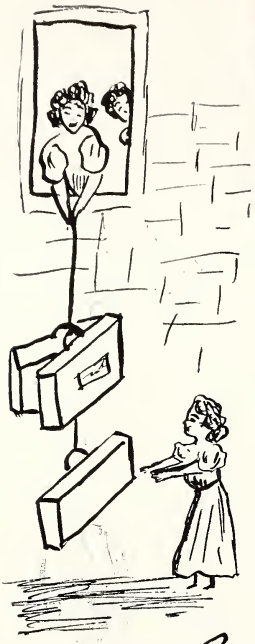
23. No practice for the Seniors because of Institute. General jubilation.

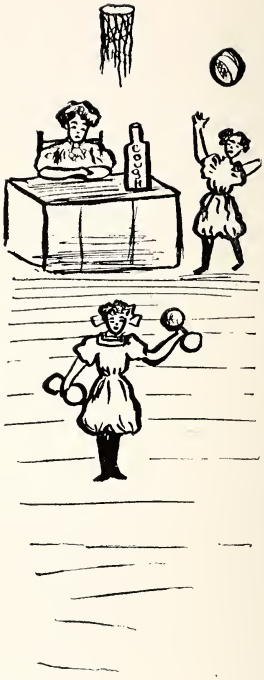
24. President Duniway, of the University of Montana, addresses the students.

26. Thanksgiving Day. Number 9 has two turkeys.

27. A day of spreads because of home boxes. Bessie Storey, Berna Schroeder, Kath Sullivan, and Josie McFadden are the entertainers.

30. All classes organize Basket Ball teams and begin practice.





DECEMBER.

2. President Swain returns from Europe.

Everyone meets him at the train.

3. President Swain in General Ex. tells us of his trip.

5. Behold a day of celebration. Number 4, Section 3 send in no orders.

6. Mr. Mosher and his brother take dinner at Miss Dunning's table.

7. Miss Dunning carries her bottle of cough syrup to the play practice.

8. Juniors play a trick on the Seniors, but are surprised to be found out and have the joke returned.

11. Freshies begin taking Juniors' suitcases. G. Slocum, a Freshman, in her sleep announces, "The suit cases go through the Laundry at 9:15." 9:15 finds Juniors lined up at Laundry, but no cases are seen.

12. Freshies quietly let the suit cases down from the window, while the wise Juniors and Preps line up in the hall awaiting developments.

13. M. G. L's. organize.

14. Messrs. Harmon, Busenburg, and Largent are entertained at dinner at the Dorm.

15. Freshies hand Preps lemons at lunch.

Preps and Juniors have a rush, but little is gained.

Preps decide to set up a "Millinery Shop," so they take the Freshies' hats.

17. Miss Dunning and Mr. Mosher entertain the "Cast" at two shows and the Chop House. Mr. Mosher stubs his toe and calmly sits down on the walk.

JANUARY. 1909

3-4-5. Students return.

8. Play practice once more

16. The Seniors give the "Cast" a spread in the Recreation room.

20. "Cast" take their beauty sleep.

21. Mr. Clark sits behind the piano in General Ex.

Spreads again: Bessie Storey, and Berna Schroeder, the Renwicks, M. Negley, Emma Johnson and F. Stebbins.

22. Chinook Play, "The Professor's Malady," is a grand success.

Mrs. Owsley entertains the Faculty after the play.

23 Picture taking begins.

25. Week of skating.

28. Exams! Exams!!

The Seniors build a big bonfire and skate all evening.

29. Exams! Enrollment begins for new semester.

Several Seniors give a spread for Hannah Bro and Theo Smith.

30. The Seniors give a dinner and a Gamble Concert party in honor of Hannah Bro and Theo Smith.

31. The "Ouija Board" rage spreads over the Dorm.

Edna Ketchum and Jacob Vogel's last ride at the time this goes to press.

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As our farewell, we most cordially wish them success in their chosen field of usefulness and a measure of happiness in life.

To those who will return, we shall accord a hearty welcome in the autumn. We trust that these friendly sentiments will be reciprocated; that we may have been some service to the students of the college and that there is no reason which will prevent a resumption of pleasant relations. In the meantime, a happy vacation.

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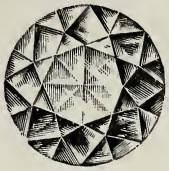

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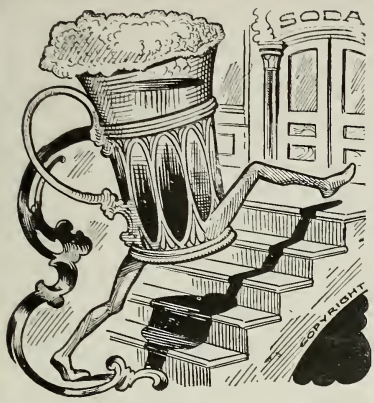

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